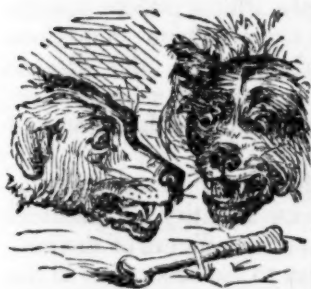


# THE ARISTIDEAN.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1845.

## ART. I.—THE DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICIAL PATRONAGE. X



**T**HE rules which should govern a Democratic national administration in the distribution of offices among the people, are few and equitable; unfounded on a proscriptive feeling; untainted with selfishness; and unsupported by any desire to aggrandize individuals. The majority of the people have chosen one man to execute the laws of the country. The executive office, its duties and responsibilities, form a delegated trust. One of the most important incidents to this trust is the distribution of official patronage. This is an important auxiliary in completing the course of policy of which the result of an election is an initiatory step; and should be wielded with uncommon tact and discrimination. It is an edge-tool, very mischievous in unskilful hands.

In the selection of official agents, the first requisite is capability. No man should be entrusted with office who is not capable by natural ability, or the knowledge conferred by education, to acquit himself properly of official obligations. No claims of partizan service—no evidence of labor performed in behalf of a party, can supply a lack of ability. For unless men who can fulfil their trusts to advantage be placed in office, the government suffers, and the people, for whose comfort, honor, and protection the government is instituted, suffer as well. Nor can the pavement of hell—for we are told that hell is paved with good intentions—counterbalance ignorance of duty. Goodness of intention is, of itself, no executive talent; as intent is not action. An incapable man with the best intent should never receive an office; and if he have received it, he should be removed, so soon as his deficiency of executive talent becomes apparent to the appointing power.

Yet, though good intention be not sufficient of itself to counterbalance inability, in conjunction with the first requisite, it is a necessary qualification in the holder of a government office. For, without a man be of good intent and gifted with high moral principle—the evidence of which is only to be found in his past conduct—there is no guarantee that his ability will be exerted in the proper direction. Nor is it to be expected, if he be a bad man, that the official agent will perform his duties with fidelity to the government. So long as harmony exists between the public welfare and his private interests, the very badness of his character is a sufficient surety for the faithful performance of his trust; but when the two interests assume antagonistical positions, the former will be assuredly sacrificed. Besides, in this country, where institutions were created by the popular will, the creations are sustained by their creator. To preserve them they must be respected. They cannot be respected if entrusted to men whose acts render them objects of contempt or detestation. The public eye, wearied with the corruptions or wickedness of a public officer, partly identifies him with his office, and the department of public service over which he presides shares their dislike. As kingdoms have been changed to republics, because of the badness of kings, so have republics retrograded and returned to kingdoms, because of the badness of elective officers. Or, if men of bad habits are advanced to official stations, the people become familiarized with unblushing wickedness. The evil example affects public morals. The popular atmosphere becomes fœtid with a moral miasm; a noxious fever courses through the veins of the body politic; the disease reaches to a dangerous and deadly height; and, unless a healthy reaction takes place, the system falls into anarchy, from which a new and perhaps an enormous structure is created.

A third requisite, and one which is as much to be insisted upon as capability and integrity of moral character, is an identity of political opinions between the inferior and superior executive officers of the government. When the people have elected a man to the first office in the nation, after a canvass in which the political principles of the candidates have been exposed and discussed, they have decided that the policy advocated by the successful competitor is the best calculated to advance the prosperity of the country, and the most in accordance with our fundamental code of laws. Hence, the executive officer so chosen should see that his subordinates are prepared and willing to carry out the policy for which the people have publicly pronounced. He should ascertain whether the incumbents of office were of his political opinions in the canvass concluded by his election. If so, and they have proved themselves to be honest and efficient officers, it is good policy to retain them. To change a known good, honest and proper-opinioned officer for another who has not proven his capability, though he may have his honesty and political opinions, is to make a hazardous experiment, which is dangerous, and may be detrimental to the public interest. But if the political opinions of an incumbent be different from that of the chief executive, he should be removed, and one who combines the requisite qualifications for the place, be appointed in his stead. This is necessary to the successful developement and ultimate success of the policy which the head of the administrative department has been ap-

pointed to carry out. Many who are in office, and whom the application of this rule would eject, will deny its soundness ; but their judgments—if their professions be honest—are warped by interest, and their protestations should have no weight with the appointing power.

But, though we have allowed that those of orthodox political opinions should be left untouched at the advent of a new administration, provided the administration be satisfied of the orthodoxy of their political creed and provided they possess the other qualifications—this position admits of a very important and striking exception. It is against the spirit and a hindrance to the proper working of our institutions that men should hold offices too long. A continuance in office for a great length of time enables incumbents to cover up official abuses which would have been otherwise exposed, or at least could not have arisen to any magnitude under a shorter term. Official patronage should be a running stream, the waters whereof being continually agitated, are clear and wholesome ; not a stagnant pool, the waters whereof remaining in perfect quiet, become foul and corrupt and full of loathsome creeping things. But, in fact, the doctrine of rotation in office is one so thoroughly recognized as a minor but most important principle in the democratic policy as to need more enforcement in practice than in theory.

The great difficulty would appear to be to decide as to the length of time which constitutes a cause for removal ; yet we apprehend that there is less difficulty here than might at first sight be supposed. It is to be determined in a measure by the emolument and value of the office. Certainly a man who has, from eight to twelve years, been troubled with official cares at a salary at from two to five thousand dollars per annum, should be satisfied to retire without raising an outcry. Even one whose salary does not exceed fifteen hundred dollars per annum might reflect, after the same official term, that there are lean kine to be fed, and that the fat ones, after receiving their fodder, should leave the remains to their less pampered brethren.

The whole matter of distribution of office, however, is left, mainly, by the law in the executive department. Upon that rests the responsibility of its distribution in such a manner as to carry out the policy it has adopted, while, at the same time, it best guards and serves the public interest. In our opinion it is alone by an observance of the rules that we have laid down that these requisites can be combined. If these rules be violated, sooner or later, upon the violators, arises the vengeance more terrible than that of armies—a condemnation from the voice of the people ; and in this country the popular voice is not alone terrible because of the power given to it under the constitution, but because it is incorruptible and in the right. It is no cant to say so. Man has yoked the elements to his will, and seems, by the might of his genius to mould and make the destinies of kingdoms. Art and science have reduced space to a speck and time to a moment. They write with the sunbeam, and use the lightning as a harmless messenger. New inventions daily give new power. All of the terrible elements of destruction that at one time ravaged the universe, unresistingly, bow to the sorcery of mankind. But mind is still free. It is an emanation from the **MAKER**—a scintillation stricken on the

birth of a creature from the wonderful glory of the DEITY. It is a reflex of the FIRST CAUSE; and as such spurns the fetters and will not abide the dungeon. Well said the statesman, that the "sober second thought of the people was never wrong, and always efficient," for the sober second thought of the people is the calm action of their god-like part; the mind of the people is the sober second thought; the sober second thought in words is the voice of the people; and the voice of the people is the voice of God.

---

ART. II.—SIR ALBERT DE VENITER. X

THE cordage is creaking and furled is each sail—  
 This is the carnival night of the gale—  
 And shapes of the strangest and oddest go by—  
     Like the shapes that will peep  
     And gibber in sleep—  
 To a man who has suppered on cold pork-pie—  
 Which we know by experience is highly detestable;  
 Pleasant to swallow, but quite indigestible.

"  
 We are out on the sea, which is white as a sheet—  
     Whiter by far than I like to see it—  
 And the billows are tossing and making a fuss,  
     With a grunt and a growl  
     And a short, quick howl,  
 Like a little, lean man in an omnibus  
 Howls, when a fat man, his face having scorn on it,  
 Treads on his toes, and each toe has a corn on it.

"  
 On a night such as this on the days that are past,  
     Out with the end of his nose to the blast—  
 With dread-naught clothes on his every limb,  
     And an oil-skin cape  
     Concealing his shape—  
 Though he met with the devil he didn't fear him—  
 Sir ALBERT DE VENITER—knight-errant terrible,  
 Started to seek for the sorceress CLARIBEL.

"  
 The terrible weapons this champion bore—  
     Many as well he could bear and no more—  
 Were a walking-stick of the hickory tree,  
     And two stout fists  
     That were hung by the wrists  
 To arms that were bony and fleshy to see—  
 And a tongue that was oily and easy and terrible—  
 These were the weapons prepared for Miss CLARIBEL.

"  
 Then on through the lane in the forest he strode,  
     Down by the turn of the turnpike road—



And reaching the spot where the little boys flock,  
The squirrels to kill,  
At the side of the hill,  
He stopped at the foot of a black looking rock,  
At a spot where Dame NATURE in moment so serious,  
Patched up a place that was grand and mysterious.

“  
Three times on the door that was hung to the stone,  
Rapped this good knight in the dark all alone.  
Rapped with his hickory stick where he stood,  
While the sound that he caused,  
Whenever he paused,  
Scattered the echoes all over the wood—  
And the echoes awaking the spirit of quiet, he  
Rubbed both his eyes with a deal of anxiety.

“  
When the last double knock had re-echoed on air—  
CLARIBEL cried, “Who the d——l is there?”  
And the knight he replied without thinking of fear—  
“Young lady, ’t is I,  
As you’ll learn by-and-by,  
Sir ALBERT DE VENITER, Baron of BEARE—  
So get up from your bed, I have come on this labor good—  
Soon will I tumble you out of the neighborhood.”

“  
Then CLARIBEL laughed in her sleeve, and she said—  
“This is nice talk to an innocent maid—  
But I spare my remarks for your ignorance’ sake.  
I pray you, walk in,  
Take a glass of my gin,  
And learn by my looks you have made a mistake.  
From the chaff of your town my wheat-grain you wo’nt winnow, since  
I am the pure incarnation of innocence.”

“  
When the sweet voice of the maid ceased to speak,  
Opened the door with a jar and a creak,  
And in to the depths of the cave went the knight,  
Who started and gazed,  
Both pleased and amazed,  
And looked on the beautiful sight with delight—  
For before him there stood, in perfection of symmetry,  
Fairest of maids in a night-gown of dimity.

“  
Whatever of words of contrition was said  
There by the knight to the beautiful maid—  
When by shutting the door from the sight they were hid—  
I cannot tell you,  
For I never yet knew,  
And wouldn’t repeat it perhaps if I did—  
But waved every blossom and pealed every fairy bell,  
Soon after that for the wedding of CLARIBEL.

Now, if any one asks for the sense of my rhyme,  
 He is an ass of the gone-away time,  
 And with safety I look on the man as a fool.  
 For if he were versed  
 In lesson the first,  
 Of the maxims laid down by the modern school,  
 He would know that a poem—the newlights so call it—is  
 All without sense, or no poem at all it is.

## ART. III.—TRAVELS IN TEXAS.(a)



**JANUARY 29.**—We saw nothing more of Indians to-day. I think they will be content to give us the go-by, after yesterday's work. The immense advantage that our weapons give us, leaves little room for surprise that we should be able to contend with them at such odds. A party of CAMANCHES, which has guns, is seldom to be met with. When any guns are among these tribes, they are generally miserable cast-iron barrelled affairs; and these are not as efficient, in their hands, as bows; for with rifles they are wretched marksmen. The bow and lance are their national weapons, and they use them at close quarters with astonishing dex-

terity. But our rifles tell well at a distance entirely out of range of their arrows; and it is a usage they seldom deviate from, in their predatory warfare, never to run the certain risk of losing a warrior. This rule only holds good, when plunder is their object, for when roused by revenge, or fairly cornered, they fight with a fierce desperation, which goes far towards equalizing weapons. I know they are hanging about our course, with the determination not to lose sight of us, 'til they can retaliate the loss they must have experienced in their late fight, by a decisive blow. The cautious knaves are more dexterous and patient than wolves in following up an enemy, invisibly, and biding their time to strike successfully. But we shall be on the look-out. Our sentinels are regularly posted. Should they succeed in stampeding our horses, we would stand a poor chance out here.

We have past to-day over a lovely country; resembling on a magnificent scale, the park scenery of ENGLAND. The beauty of some portion of these wide solitudes is surpassing beyond all power of the most vigorous imagination to conceive. In one spot before you spreads the

(a)Continued from page 104.

landscape, not a tree in sight—all one swelling, undulating field of prairie. A little farther, and the trees, which follow the course of the streams, seem, in the far distance, like the hedges dividing the estates of some wealthy nobleman. On you ride, and before you looms up, rising from the valley and mounting the hills, huge herds of the shaggy cattle of the wilds, the buffalo, pursuing their path, without being urged on by the herdsman. Scarcely has your eye rested on these, before you, when to the right, pass you, in all their grace and beauty, a herd of deer, or the more graceful and fragile formed antelope. Scarcely have these pleased your sight, before the tramping and snorting on your left, announce a drove of mustangs, the barbs of the Western hemisphere. These Joseph-coated gentry, glorying in their motley coats, their liberty and their speed, gaze at you from afar off, and if you approach towards them, scurry away in a manner that makes the earth tremble beneath their unshod hoofs. These are some of the sights and scenes of the prairie. Is it wonder that the ranger, who once tastes the enchantment of these great plains, breathes their pure air, and feasts his eyes upon their glories; who finds the wants of nature bountifully supplied around him, with just enough of the excitement of danger to give an adventurous spirit pleasure—is it a wonder that he should spurn the confined and crowded haunts of man, and revel in the embraces of nature, when she woos him with her magnificent voluptuousness? It is matter of surprise alone to me, that one who has enjoyed the freedom of these vast solitudes, who has experienced the glowing excitement of the hunt, and the Indian skirmish, can ever rest satisfied among the dull sons of civilization, where each successive day, in its unvarying round of employment, is but a prosy mimic of the day before, and the blood oozes slowly through the veins till it almost stagnates and dies. Let those, born to plod and fulfil a destiny of dullness, dole out their life in habitations they have raised around them, and die, and be gathered to their fathers; but let the bold, the daring, and adventurous, those whose souls can revel in the contemplation of nature in all her wild and wonderful moods—let these seek the solitudes of the vast prairie, and galloping over the boundless plains, or lolling at the camp-fire, beneath the giant trees, that guard the creek-side, drink in, with undisturbed hearts, the beauty and sublimity of the scene around them.

To make the sudden step from the sublime, there is doctor MARTIN, mending his breeches, and cursing bears and bears' claws in general. The men are laughing and joking, about the adventures of the last two days. It is strange how reckless the habit of facing dangers make us. These men are as merry to-night as wedding guests; yet they know that the eye of a Comanche spy gleams, to the light of our fire, somewhere among the trees, and that we may be attacked before sunrise. This wild life is enchanting and madly exciting. We have tolerable water and a strong position for our camp.

JANUARY 30.—We have travelled almost due west to-day. HICKS says that he wishes to strike the head waters of the CANADIAN. We have passed through the most enchanting scenery. Now a level prairie, like a broad lake, dotted with its thousand isles, the open vistas between

them populous with buffalo, deer, and here and there a cluster of wild horses. The last, half hid among the winding lanes, would raise their heads and take a long look; then snort, arch their slim necks, curvette and prance, half circling around us, to see what the curious apparitions intruding upon their quiet domain may mean; then distrustful and frightened, dash away to be lost from view in a moment. Then, a dozen antelopes would dart across an opening like a flock of swallows. Sometimes a small creek would lay across our course, with its deep, shaded fringe of forest. In passing one of these we saw a huge bear out in the prairie. He stood up on his hind legs as we came in view and snuffed towards us most sagaciously; but his wisdom seemed to be non-plussed; for not being able to come to any distinct understanding with his nose as to what this odd-scented group might mean, he formed the conclusion it would be safest not to make any further investigations from the timber. So down he dropped upon his four legs and travelled towards the bush with an expedition, not a little increased, when the doctor, who was still splenetic on the subject of bears, borrowed my pistols, and took after him. The doctor gave the bear two shots before he reached cover, and I suppose Bruin will remember the smell of gunpowder for some time to come. We camped on a narrow, rapid stream. WICKLIFFE shot a cub near the camp, and we have had a glorious roast. The doctor vents his spleen upon the fat steaks which TEDDY dispenses with profuse generosity round the fire. The Indians have found us out now, and it is hardly worth while to stint ourselves in the matter of fire; for they are certain to follow us any how and know where we camp. The sentinel's duty is rather severe after a hard day's ride. Better stand that though, than lose our horses.

JANUARY 31. While breakfast was being prepared this morning, the doctor and myself took our guns and walked off a little ways into the bottom to shoot. The timber was very tall and large. In the course of our walk, as the doctor, who was a short distance before me, passed beneath a large black cherry—the limbs of which came near the ground—my attention was attracted by a rustle among them over his head. Looking up, I saw a large puma—or American lion, as it called—crouched on the limbs, with its ears laid back close, and its tufted tail quivering to and fro among the twigs. The vicious looking wretch was in the very act of springing on his head. I shouted quickly, and at the same instant fired. The creature sailed out into the air, its claws extended, and in a convulsive spring aimed right at the doctor. My shout had warned him in time, and without looking round he had bounded forward, out of reach of the descending monster. It pitched to the earth on its head, with a horrible howl; its eyes bursted from the sockets. My ball had struck it plumb between the eyes, and after floundering and tearing up the ground and bark from the trees near, in its tremendous spasms, it fell over dead. "D—n it!" said the doctor, as he kicked the carcass, "all the brutes seem to have taken a fancy for clawing at my buck-skins. I must go in disguise, or I shall be eaten up, hair and hide." And forthwith, as soon as we returned to camp, the whimsical old fellow unbuckled his Hamlet cloak, which I had persuaded him to quit wearing, and fasten behind his saddle:



he took it now, and cut arm-holes through it with his hunting knife; then ripping off a portion of the scarlet velvet lining it, he drew the cloak on over his buck-skins, and tied the velvet round his waist for a scarf; and in spite of all our laughter, persists in wearing this phantastic costume. With the black wolf's tail and gobbler's beard in his cap, he makes a rich figure now: he thinks it will take a very sagacious "varmint" to identify him—so do I. These pumas look a good deal like a lioness; for they have no mane, and are considerably larger than the panther, which they resemble most in their habits, climbing trees in pursuit of prey, as it does also. Their color is tawny, with grey hairs scattered through it, and pure white underneath. They are not usually dangerous, and the hunters were surprised a good deal at our perilous adventure with this one, and seemed disposed to favor the doctor's theory that there was a general coalition among the brutes for his special destruction, because the report got out that there was "a chiel amang 'em takin' notes," and "faith, he'd prent 'em,"—that it was this last proceeding they wished to put a stop to. Very much the same character of country passed over to-day. Camped on a creek again.

FEBRUARY 1.—After passing the bottom of the creek, we camped this morning. We came upon an open expanse, bounded only by the sky, where it rained like a vast inverted basin upon the dead plain level. Out to our left, a long, black, irregular line of buffalo was stretched like a great ragged blurr upon the fair breadth of space. It was a wonderful sight, those countless legions of dark moving things, shearing the brown grass before them, as they rolled slowly on! For miles and miles, the infinite multitude was thronging 'til their rounded backs grew up against the sky, and the strained gaze felt weary tracing them. I had never seen any thing like this before. The pigeons, when they cloud the sun, can scarcely be more numerous.

We were all gazing in mute astonishment at this marvellous array, when OLD HICKS exclaimed, suddenly pointing over to the right, "The prairie's on fire! The cursed Indians want to burn us up!" I turned my head quick enough. Just under the horizon, dense and blackish volumes rolled up from the plain in huge knotted wreaths, while every moment from the midst a pale red tongue of flame would leap, spiring up, and then sink, smothered in the murky folds, that, bellied by the wind, swept heralding before. Stretching far away, in front and behind under the sky's rim, this terrible crescent seemed to be fast closing its fiery horns around us. Now the hot air struck us with its stifling currents, though there were yet miles between us and the flames; and passing over, I could see when it had reached the herd of buffalo. The mighty mass was still for an instant, and along the whole line I could distinguish the lifted heads of the startled leaders sniffing the danger. Then there was a sudden tumult and recoiling, and the heavy roar of their affright boomed upon our ears; and like a dark, great river, troubled and tossed by a sudden eruption beneath its bed, and turned from out its channel, with a rumble that made the earth shiver as in a spasm, it burst, rushing and tumbling, a shoreless torrent over the plain, scattered wide and wildly toward the west.

But our own case demanded all our attention. The rascally Indians

had waited 'til we were in the middle of this very extensive prairie, and then set fire, to the windward of us, along a line of several miles at the same; the winter grass was tall and dry, the wind had been high before, but in a moment it rushed past us a perfect gale of hot air, bringing the flames along with fearful rapidity. The cowardly wretches had calculated well; as I glanced around I could see little prospect of our escape. It was hopeless to think of out-running it. Herds of mustangs were sweeping past with streaming manes, and heads turned back, snorting with affright; antelopes scudded by like sea-birds; and deer, tossing their antlers as they looked behind, bounded long and high over the grass—yet I knew few of them would escape, with all their frantic speed, and what hope had we! We were all gathered in a cluster, looking round us in awe, silent and confused by the suddenness with which such terrible elements of fear had burst forth—I, at a loss what step should be taken—when I heard the doctor say in a sharp, nervous voice, “What the devil are you at there, old man? I’m sure we are like to be roasted soon enough without your hastening the thing!” I turned and saw old Hicks on his knees, in the grass, blowing away eagerly at a spark he had struck from his flint and steel. Ah, right! It instantly occurred to me that our only chance was “to burn against the fire,” as it is called; that is, set fire to the grass around us and burn off all in the neighborhood, so that when the great flood met our lesser, there would be nothing left for it to feed on, and it must subside on either hand and leave us. The veteran’s long experience had promptly suggested to him the only recourse under such circumstances which might have occurred too late, if at all, to our comparative ignorance. I quickly sprang to my feet, calling to the men to assist in kindling and spreading our fire; very soon a circle of flame began to widen off, and while yet it merely crept along the grass we urged our trembling horses over it, and stood grouped on the hot and blackened ground holding their bridles. Our defensive fire spread rapidly; but the opposing torrent rolled on with appalling speed; the glowing billows leaping large lengths as they would burst for an instant through the advance masses of dense smoke that were rushing, curled and writhing like huge phantom snakes over the bowed grass ahead, in swift chase, it seemed, of the poor animals; for every instant these shadowy monsters would devour one; then the flame behind would shoot up a quick exulting spire! On, on it came, far along, above us and below us. The air became fiery hot, and the edging volumes of smoke broke upon us, and the hissing roar and glare raged fierce and high in terrible tumult close behind. Our horses became almost unmanageable—we were suffocating: we threw our blankets over our heads, and struggled with the frantic animals, in the steadiness of despair. It was an awful moment of darkened wrestling as the fiery hurricane swept over us, or rather past us; for, parting where the fire of our circle met it, it went charring, crackling, roaring by on either side, though close enough to almost reach our skins; and when we threw off the envelope of the blankets from our faces, the Red Sea had been passed, and we stood safe, but astounded upon the blackened smoking plain. “Egad, captain!” shouted the doctor, “old Hicks has been the Moses this time!” So he has, the trusty vet-

eran, and we all felt grateful enough for his prompt and opportune sagacity. After the line of the fire passed us, we could see nothing for the smoke, except now and then a burst of sparks and flame which would shoot up above it for a second, which Hicks said indicated that some poor animal had been caught; and after a while, as we rode rapidly across the plain to get off the heated ground, we could see a "flare up," as Hicks called it, occurring every instant, showing that the great herd of buffalo had been overtaken, and they were probably most of them burnt—for every few hundred paces we would pass the charred and shrivelled carcass of a mustang or deer, showing how fatal those glowing surges would be even in breaking over that countless multitude. I do not doubt that many thousands were burnt to death. How bitterly we cursed the infernal CAMANCHES, the next time we get in gun-shot of them will show. After dark we came to a stream about forty paces in width, which of course had bounded the action of the fire in this direction. We crossed, and are once more on the soft fresh sod. We all took a bathe, and washed down our scorched and exhausted horses. The excitement of the day has been such that I find it difficult to get to sleep to-night. I am acting as sentinel myself through the first watch, while the men sleep as if it would require a cannon to wake them. Tired scribbling by the flickering light of dried twigs.

I wonder if we are to have the pleasure of hearing from those bronzed scoundrels of the breech-clout again before morning?

FEBRUARY 2.—Hicks does'nt know the name of this stream; at least, is not certain. Thinks it may be a branch of the CANADIAN. It is ten o'clock, and we are not off yet—pretty well used up by yesterday's business. We did start at last, and have passed a rather sterile and uninteresting region; plenty of game though—one of the men shot a deer this evening with nearly all of the hair scorched off of it! It has been through the "fiery tribulation," as the doctor says—think it ought to be "done brown" any how, by the time it has passed through TEDDY's hands. The doctor wants to know of TEDDY if this isn't that famous country the Irishman tells of, where roasted pigs run about with a fork in their backs, squealing "come eat me?" "Faith, darlin, I wish it was a juicy pig with a pratie in its mouth, in place of these long-legged crathurs—it would be a swate cunthry for Irishmin." The air is still tainted by the smell of yesterday's fire. Indeed the odour of burnt meat and singed hair has been clearly distinguishable all day. That was a mighty barbacue yesterday! Nations could have feasted at it. This country seems pretty well watered. We have passed one stream to-day, and are now camped on another small one.

FEBRUARY 3.—Started early. The country a slight improvement upon yesterday. Saw an unusual number of antelopes—two bears were seen. WICKLIFFE shot at one of them, but it escaped. We have camped on the south fork of the CANADIAN at last; but it is very high up, and the stream, though bold, is narrow. Timber very heavy here, and seems to be so on the other side. We have a perfect caterwauling serenade to-night. There seems to be an unusual number of the feline tribe in this bottom. The very Old Harry seemed to have been among the cats last night, stirring them up with a forty-foot pole—such a squalling as they kept up! One of the sleek-skinned gentry was



caught belated this morning. I saw it sneaking down the trunk of a tree about twenty steps from where I was lying, when I waked just after day-break. I let drive at the chap, and tumbled him off; and such a yelling, kicking and sniffing as he made of it, before giving up the ghost, I have not heard lately. It was what the hunters call a cata-mount, and is evidently a cross between the ocolet and wild-cat—rather larger than either—with a longer tail than the wild-cat, and faintly mottled as the ocolet. We got under way by sunrise.

FEBRUARY 4.—Our jerked meat gave out to-day, and we stopped about noon at a little branch; and leaving TEDDY and two men to prepare the fires, we scattered for game. HICKS and ALEXANDER soon killed a buffalo, which was sent to camp, and the doctor, HICKS, and myself then took down the timber on the branch to find a bear. We got separated, and I was riding out across a slip of prairie from the branch toward a mott. Had nearly reached it, when I saw a horse grazing on the edge of it, with a lariat round his neck. This astonished me no little; but I rode on towards it. I had nearly reached the animal, when a single Indian, who seemed to have been asleep under the trees near, sprang to his feet, and ran towards it. I stopped and levelled my gun. The fellow raised both his hands, and threw down his bow and lance. I lowered my gun and rode up to him. I saw at once that he was not a CAMANCHE. He came up to my side, leaving his weapons on the ground, and, grinning very good-naturedly, with signs gave me to understand that his tribe was four miles down the branch camped, and hunting buffalo; that they were friends, etc.—There was a marked difference between this Indian and the CAMANCHE. There was nothing of the gaunt, dark, ferocious look of those wild plunderers. His color was much lighter, and his figure rounded and rather effeminate. His face was round and full, with a somewhat easy, stupid expression; costume—what there was of it—very little different, though the ornaments were those of a northern Indian. I was unable to tell what tribe the fellow was of—so I fired my pistol to bring HICKS. In two minutes the old man was in sight, at full gallop, followed by the doctor. The Indian looked a good deal frightened at all this; but when HICKS came up and spoke a few words to him in his own language, he brightened up wonderfully. HICKS said it was a Riana Indian; that they were friendly enough, but troublesome, rogueish vagabonds. However, we took him to camp with us—gave him something to eat, and, with some trifling presents, sent him off rejoicing—no doubt to bring his whole party back with him.

We kept a good look-out for our thieving neighbors during the night, and about sunrise a whole party of them came galloping into camp. They were eager to trade us jerked meat and skins. We bought for trifles as much meat as we needed; but had no use for the skins. They were very troublesome with their confounded curiosity, sticking their nose every where as well as fingers. As these last fixtures possessed singularly adhesive properties of their own, we were compelled to be incessantly watching them. The knaves would have stolen our teeth if we had given them half a chance. But we were most tickled by the awful reverence with which they regarded the doctor and his air-gun. One of the lean, wolfish, wire-



haired curs they brought along, had gathered a string of our meat which was frying on the bushes, and started to make off with it, when the doctor sprang to his feet, and pointing his air-gun at it, keeled it over. I never saw creatures look so astounded in my life. They went and picked up the dog, examined the rent the bullet had made in its head, probed it with their fingers to see if it was a real hole, and after clamoring over it for some time, dropped it, and formed a circle at a respectable distance round the doctor, who lay majestically reclining on his buffalo robe, with the mysterious weapon in his hands, enjoying the thing highly. And there they stood for a full hour, staring in awed silence at the wonderful "medicine man," who could take life by merely pointing at any thing which had provoked his terrible ire! I believe he would have sent the whole party howling off by a gesture; and indeed if they hadn't made themselves scarce pretty soon, I intended suggesting to him to try his necromancy on them. But they seemed to be so perfectly overwhelmed by this indisputable evidence of the power of his magic, that after satisfying their curiosity in staring at him, they appeared not at all disposed to incur the risk of provoking his wrath, by lingering any longer in his neighborhood; and, very demurely dropping a number of trifling things they had stolen, took themselves to their horses and tore away over the prairie like mad. We all broke into a roar of laughter as they disappeared, and Hicks told us that the doctor's strange costume had not a little heightened the effects of his display with the air-gun. They had noticed it, and asked him if it was not a "medicine man" before. This may be a useful idea to us yet. We have meat enough now, and will go on this afternoon. Camped to-night at a dirty puddle; but there is no suffering for water.

FEBRUARY 5.—To-day, we have passed through a fine prairie region—scarcely ever out of sight of lines of timber marking the course of streams. They cut up the surface and make it resemble a constant succession of meadows of every size, hedged by tall fencing into all conceivable shapes of oblong, hexagon, or square, etc. These grazing farms might have been laid out—these strong hedges planted—by the herdsmen before the flood; for it is said there were "giants in those days;" and every thing here is on a scale to correspond with the belief of such an origin. These meadows, stretching large lengths of miles, are jealously bounded by dense forests, that there may be "no strife between the herdsmen,"—and then the mighty herds of shaggy "cattle" which still feed on them, follow their leaders as they were wont of old, though they no longer fear the mountain pine, uprooted for a staff by their towering keepers, and shaken over them in terror, nor obey the hoarse roar of their voices in urging command or to check. Verily, some of these old bulls, with their thick-knotted fronts and grizzled muzzles, look as if they might have defied many a thwack of a sizeable pine tree, and drawn many a deafening blast of angry imprecation by their obstinacy from the deep lungs of their hirsute masters. EARTH's primal glories here are all unmarred, and GOD's own presence is felt lingering yet, as if in love with his own work he staid to touch it again—creating new charms in multiplied duration.—Every day we have been tracking the steps of SPRING—now we have caught her at last with all her fresh and beautiful garments on! Such

delicate odours as she has scattered on the winds! The pale flowers just born look startled and timid: the broad blaze of this new life is all too strong for them; and, with a dew-tear in their soft-tinted eyes, they bow leaning to the young, vigorous grass, and glow their down-cast charms on it—for even the tempered winds are yet too rude for their warm exquisite pulses, and their modest cheeks bend low beneath the amorous caressing, to hide the conscious flush! Oh, charming, joyous, holy calm!—how fit for angels to alight here and rest! Their fair limbs here unsoiled might press earth's virgin lap, and their pure sense be freshened by things so innocent—with such sweet airs about them mellowed so witchingly—that, beguiled, they might forget these had not grown in Heaven, and dream for a while they tarried on its plains. Hey-dey! I've grown rhapsodical on this old log—a Texas captain floundering in Helicon! Well, Spring hangs a green, soft fringe upon the knotted twigs of the harsh post-oak—scatters mosses, tendrils, flowers and vines, too delicate to have a name, over the rough, angular, weather-blackened mass of sand-stone on the mountain-side—and I can't see why it is at all more anomalous that the same charmed power should wake poetical yearnings in the rugged breast of a frontiersman: as to the expression of them, that is another matter, in which Spring doesn't interfere, and, happily, is not accountable. Every one seems to have been so absorbed by the loveliness of the panoramic changes occurring at every step to-day, that no game has been shot: indeed, nobody thought about it. We've had enough of hunting for the mere sport, and we are bountifully supplied with meat. Camped early in a pleasant grove, with a clear brook rippling beneath it.—Every day the tastes and passions of the nomade, I feel, are growing stronger in me.

FEBRUARY 6.—Still a very pretty country. We travelled hard and fast to-day, to reach the main branch of the CANADIAN, on which we are now camped. It is a bold, deep, limpid stream, about sixty yards wide. ALEXANDER's horse, which was wounded by the antelopes, shows some symptoms of giving out to-day: it had seemed to us to be getting along so well, that we did not think of buying another of the RIANAS; wish we had. It will be a bothersome business if the animal should give out, for we are making little progress, though we go from thirty-five to forty and forty-five miles a day. It would be rather hard for ALEXANDER to keep up with us at this rate on foot, and equally so for us to be compelled to delay. But we can't help it.

FEBRUARY 7.—Made a long stage to-day; not much encouraged about the horse; old HICKS has taken him in hand to-night: he started off into the brush as soon as we stopped, as usual, without saying a word to any body, and came back about dark with a small bunch of an herb, altogether new to me, and even our scientific doctor was entirely stumped about them. The old man said they were Indian medicine, and that was all we could get out of him. He made a decoction of them in a coffee-cup and bathed the wound, which seems to be festering virulently, and the adjoining parts with it. Hope it may justify his faith. Good camping ground.

FEBRUARY 8.—We have ridden over a seemingly interminable prairie this blessed day, and here we are camped in what looks like the

very beginning of the middle, without water, and nothing but grass and stars, and a bright calm moon in view. The horse seems to have improved; at least, not lost ground. This is a roomy bed-chamber and a big quilt with shining patchwork to-night. One finds out that water is a wonderful element under such circumstances.

FEBRUARY 9.—Confound this prairie! We have barely managed to-day to reach the first line of timber we have seen in an age. We were thirsty enough, horses and men; and, when we came in sight of this glad beacon, started off at a rattling pace to reach it. I think I haven't seen faces so expressively blank lately, as those of all hands, when we had galloped down into the ravine, and found only the dry rocky bed of a stream. The men cursed and the horses drooped their ears; but it's a hard case that has no alleviation. After a painful scuffle down the broken rough channel for about five miles, we came to a dark pool which contained just about as much water as we could all drink—better than a parched throat, any how.

FEBRUARY 10.—“Out of the fryingpan into the fire,”—another long-winded interminable plain to-day. Poor ALEXANDER has been compelled to walk the greater portion of the way—his wretched animal seems to be giving up under this unfortunate concatenation of bad luck. A dry, furry tongue to go to sleep with, makes one feel rather savage. I can understand now why the cat tribe have such a reputation for ill temper: their tongues are always dry and furry. I am sure I could bite a tenpenny nail in two, or suck the blood of any decent “varmint,” but they're as scarce as water—have better sense than to keep in any such thirsty neighborhood. Indeed we have seen nothing but antelopes to-day, and they all seemed to be travelling with the speed of desperation for some far “land of fountains!” Wish they would lend me their heels a while. The doctor says he means to “try it on,” bear-fashion, and ascertain experimentally the true theory of “paw-sucking.” The merry scamp! old Harry would be in a cruel mood to persecute him seriously! “The old oaken bucket that hangs in the well!” This delicious, tantalizing ditty, has been ringing in my ears all the evening. Well, this comes of wild, vague adventuring. Hicks promises we shall have water before noon to-morrow: I shall try and sleep on that, for I have great faith in the old fellow's nose.

FEBRUARY 11.—Thank Heaven! we found vent for our chafed and thirsty spleen this morning in a hearty fight. A party of about thirty WACOS came in sight soon after we started. They approached us very cautiously, circling round and round us on their fine swift horses. We stopped, and old Hicks rode out toward them, making friendly signs. They then approached him confidently, and surrounded him. We closed up within gunshot, and waited. He asked them for water: instead of answering him, they asked him for tobacco. It happened he did not use it, and had none of it about him; so he shook his head, and pointed back to us. They commenced pow-wow-ing around him, making a great clamor. It seems they did not believe his assertion that he had no tobacco—he came out to make terms with them as the representative of our party, and of course ought to have had tobacco if we had any. They were about half right there. They said they didn't wish us to come any nearer, and that they believed he wanted



to cheat them, and denied that they had any water, though their gourds brimming full hung at their saddle-bows. These were natural mistakes enough for Indians to make, and there need not have been any difficulty. But we were very thirsty, and grew impatient at the long palaver they were making, and commenced moving towards them. They started to make off as soon as they noticed this movement; and old HICKS, who, like the rest of us, was dry and in no very prudent mood, made a grab at one of their water-gourds as they were wheeling off. I saw the motion, and we spurred our horses on the instant. One of them lounged at the angry veteran with his lance, and received a pistol ball in return. They rushed yelling at him; but at that moment we let drive a volley amongst them and burst into the group at full speed, scattering them on all sides, and for a half minute had it hand to hand before they fairly broke and scoured off. They left four of their number on the ground, and several I noticed had to be assisted in keeping their saddles. The old man received a painful wound from an arrow, in the cheek; LANDVILLE, an ugly wound in the side, from a lance; I had my arm cut, and the doctor got a slight scratch from an arrow. But the best of the thing was, that the old man hung on to his water-gourd, which held half a gallon, and in addition we got three of the horses of those killed—the other one followed the retreat—and a water-gourd was hung to each of these saddles brim-full, and the horses were fine animals, so that we got as much water as we could drink, and three fresh horses. So much for the Waco row!—hope this may be the last of it. We did reach some muddy, dirty holes after dark, from which the suffering horses managed to suck enough to keep them going. But for the Waco gourds we should have been in a bad way. The old man finds that we are farther west than he had conjectured. LANDVILLE suffers greatly; his wound is deep, and the doctor thinks his case a bad one. The rest of us are too triflingly hurt, in comparison with him, to complain.

FEBRUARY 12.—We have had to carry poor LANDVILLE on a buffalo robe, lashed to two of the Waco lances, which the doctor prudently brought along. Four at a time, we have borne him between our horses all day, and it has been sad enough to hear his moans. We have been expecting another attack, but fortunately have escaped. Just before night we reached a muddy water hole. It had not been stirred for some time, and there was about an inch of clear water above the sediment. With a great deal of care we drew off enough to barely save us from suffering, before we let the horses at it. They sucked and sucked patiently for a half hour, and seemed to be satisfied with getting enough to wet their throats. Sad times these!

FEBRUARY 13.—Old HICKS has tried his wild herbs upon LANDVILLE in vain. We would have stopped to-day on his account, but the old man thought if we could reach the timber again, he could find growing in its shade herbs of greater power; and at any rate it was out of the question to keep our horses suffering for water any longer, unless we desired to be all left afoot. We travelled as tenderly as possible for the wounded man; and a half an hour after dark, we arrived at this place greatly to our joy—it seems to be a fork of the CANADIAN. Bold as the stream is, I thought, between us and our horses, that we should



drink it dry. The old man vanished forthwith to cull herbs; and as those gathered under the moon are said to be most efficacious, from having imbibed a subtle energy from her charmed rays, I hope we shall see their magic illustrated in the partial relief, at any rate, of the unfortunate LANDVILLE. We could not move the wounded man to-day. There seems to be no improvement. The thrust has probably passed his ribs. The experience of the old man and the science of the doctor seem to be equally baffled. A fierce inflammatory fever has set in. The doctor thinks the lance blade must have been dipped in poison, for the course and character of the wound hardly justify the serious effects we are deploring.

It is 10 o'clock P. M.—The sufferer was released a short time since. Mortification seems to have attacked the internal viscera; for he looked perfectly natural until a little while after death, when the dark blotches made their appearance on the surface. He died like a soldier and a brave man, as he was. Strange that a death like this should so paralyze us all, when we have so frequently looked upon it after the fight, stretched, gore-clotted, ghastly and cold, beneath our feet. But this is a tried comrade, steadfast and true. He has not died amid the blinded tumult and excitement of the struggle—when our appreciation of the awful reality was blunted—but he has passed from among us, while we were cool and calm, and could realize how dread a thing it is to be snatched away from sentient things, and gay, familiar companionship—to be hurried *sans* preparation on the journey to “that bourne whence no traveller returns.” We had heard his last request, and pledged ourselves, if we should ever reach home again, to render up a strict account to the few who knew and loved him, of his latest words of them. We buried him beneath a large live oak; and if it be any consolation to his friends, we can tell them that he died like a soldier, and we buried him like one—and the grey funeral-moss drops mournfully over him from that old tree!

FEBRUARY 14.—We travelled sadly enough to-day; for with all the recklessness and callous hardihood our life for some time past naturally engenders, we cannot help feeling that there is one strong heart from among our little band which lies pulseless under this almost foreign and unfamiliar earth; and we cannot but miss a voice that we knew, when all is strange about us, and these solitudes so heavy. ALEXANDER unwillingly gave up his horse to-day. He was very fond of the animal, for it was a noble one, and had been leading it in hope that it would get better, but we found there was no prospect of this, and persuaded him to turn it loose on the prairie. It stood looking after us as we could see it on the plain, and, as it seemed to me, most reproachfully, for our cruel desertion—but, silly fellow! he is greatly the gainer by it, and will no doubt in a short time be shaking his crest, and bounding riotously in his freedom, as any wild steed of them all! The gallant Scot looks very wo-begone at parting with his old companion in arms, and I respect him heartily for it. The man is far the greater brute of the two, who doesn't love a faithful horse. The Waco horses, though, are splendid animals, and ALEXANDER had the pick of the three. We have reached tolerable water.

FEBRUARY 15.—Made a very long stage to-day. Passed many herds

of buffalo ; but shot none. In the evening GALLAGHER shot a large deer, which evidently belongs to a new species. The doctor says it has never been described. HICKS says it is most abundant along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and that the hunters call it the "big-eared deer," and sometimes the "black throat," from a black mark along the dew-laps. It is much heavier and darker than the common deer ; the ears rounder, and a third larger in proportion. It was very fat and delicious venison. Reached a dry branch ; found a good pool of water, after following its course a mile. The buffalo paths are of great assistance to us in finding water. They lead to this pool from every direction.

FEBRUARY 16.—We have reached the east branch of this briary-armed CANADIAN. It is a very rapid stream, and apparently a deep one, for we were obliged to turn back in an effort we made to cross this evening, and camp on this side. It is a good deal swollen, too. The ice-veins in the mountains have been unlocked, and are shining down upon the low lands with a vengeance. We shall not be troubled for want of water any more shortly, I conjecture. We passed through a heavy-timbered bottom nearly three miles wide to reach this bank. WICKLIFFE shot an ocolet near the camp before dark. He had quite an adventure of it. One sprung up from a clump of bushes he was passing, and ran off. In a moment afterwards he saw it ascending the trunk of a huge hack-berry ; he fired, and it dropped. The bushes between him and the foot of the tree, prevented his seeing what went with it after it fell, and when he got there it had disappeared. He was confident he had hit it mortally. There was a large hollow in the root of the tree, sunk several feet below the surface ; he concluded it must have crawled to this, and dropped down into it ; and on looking down he saw it stretched at the bottom. He wished to get it, and thought he could reach it by shoving in his head and shoulders, which he did. His hand was nearly on it, when suddenly a fierce growl sounded in the hollow, and in another instant a pair of fiery eyes were glaring close to his in the darkness. He scuffled in a hurry to get his head out ; and just as he got it free, the red eyes, followed by a heavy bulk of fur, plumped him full in the face, knocked all sorts of stars out of his own eyes, and stretched him on his back. When he gathered himself up, he saw a full-grown ocolet bounding off through the brush. It was a young one he had killed, and this was the old mother with whom he had been taking this unceremonious *blunder-buss*. The hollow was her den, and she had been concealed under the side when he looked in, and sprang out in his face. He was very fortunate in getting off on such easy terms ; for, though usually timid, when cornered they are very savage ; but I suppose the panic of surprise was about equal between the two. These ocolets are the most beautiful creatures I know of—marked with surpassing elegance, by intense black spots upon a rich orange ground. They are slim and small, but most gracefully formed.

FEBRUARY 17.—We skirted nearly half the way up the left bank of the CANADIAN before we found it fordable. A fresh buffalo trail led us across safe at last. It does not matter, though ; for its course is very much the same we wish to go. We are making west of north as

directly as possible—for we must strike the head-waters of the ARKANSAS—but it is a weary long way yet. I think we shall pay dearly enough for our curiosity before we are done with this adventure.

It must be about due west to SANTA FE. We have continued to skirt the CANADIAN up the right bank, and camp on it to-night.

FEBRUARY 18.—Old HICKS announced this morning that we are not far from the great Wild Horse Desert, and that we shall have to follow this stream to near its source; for it penetrates this desert very much in the direction we wish to cross it, and offers our only resource for water, of which that region is almost destitute. We will then have to strike across it to the ARKANSAS, and take our chance for finding water. A noble elk burst from the timber, a few paces from our party. The under-brush was very dense, and we were all riding along in a body very quietly, so that it did not suspect our neighborhood, besides, it had been startled by the wolves, as we saw afterwards. We were in the prairie, just on the edge of the woods, as it rushed out with a tremendous bound, and stopped within fifteen paces of us. What a splendid brute it was! It turned as much astonished as we, and elevating its nose to snuff at us, 'til the tips of its huge antlers touched the middle of its back; it paused for a second; but as our guns flashed, it leaped full thirty feet, and with the speed of thought, was off. I thought for a moment we shouldn't get it, though four of us had fired; but in a hundred yards it began to reel, and soon pitched over on its head. It was a very large and most majestic animal, and the first that we had seen, though old HICKS has been expecting them for some time past. We were standing round it, nearly all of us dismounted, when, happening to look back, I saw a pack of wolves with their noses to the ground, break from the woods, just where the elk did. They were so intent as not to have observed us; and the doctor, who is an inveterate hater of wolves, rode quietly toward them. They did not observe him 'til it was too late, and he reeled one of them over with his air-gun. The sneaks! It always does me good to see one of them killed. Camped on the river.

FEBRUARY 19.—So this is the famous Wild-Horse Desert! HICKS says we have been on it since 10 o'clock. Well, we have passed over much more dreary deserts than this appears to be. Pray, Heaven, it may be no worse!

FEBRUARY 20.—“We live and learn,” is the old saying. I think we begin to-day to realize what a desert means. We have followed the general course of the stream, but its bed is extremely serpentine and does make some curious bends. We struck off from one of them this morning into a wide plain covered with short coarse grass. Hour after hour we jogged along, and still nothing was to be seen but the faint, blue line of the river timber on our left, and even that frequently faded entirely; and on the right the dead monotonous level joining the sky. We saw now and then a herd of buffalo or mustangs, but they were always between us and the river. In the afternoon the timber became visible again directly before us, and we gradually neared it until, about dark, we rode beneath its shadow and found ourselves on the CANADIAN again. Here we camped.

FEBRUARY 21.—Very much the same scenery again to-day, though



we skirted closer to the timber. Another elk shot soon after we camped.

FEBRUARY 22.—Still, timber on the left and prairie on the right. Sick and tired to death of this unvarying scenery. A little thirst or starvation would be a pleasant variety.

FEBRUARY 23.—We have made one discovery at least to-day, viz : that rattlesnakes love sand and solitude. We have seen a dozen at least to-day. We generally find them basking in the sun a little distance from the timber, and almost invariably, as we have passed a bend, we have seen some of them stretched with their banded, venomous lengths across our way. I expect to dream of them all night.

FEBRUARY 24.—We took leave of that everlasting CANADIAN to-day and struck off across the vast level. But here we had an adventure, which, if there were no other disagreeable reasons, will ensure our not forgetting it soon. An acquaintance was made after the following fashion. There are two abrupt descents between the level of the plain and the water, one of them just on the edge of the timber, about ten feet perpendicular, takes you down to the level of the "bottom:" over this you pass through a tall dense forest, about two hundred yards to the second descent, which leads with equal abruptness to the water. We were camped on the edge of the timber partly in the brush. Our fire was a few paces from the first descent, and we were seated round it, watching with sharpened appetites the progress of a roast of buffalo haunch, which under TEDDY's superintendence, was to furnish us a juicy breakfast. The doctor and WICKLIFFE were seated on a log, opposite to me, and just on the edge of the steppe leading to the bottom. I was talking with them, and of course, looking at them, when suddenly between their shoulders and behind them I saw a long sharp nose, a pair of shining eyes and short ears uplifted. The nose seemed to be snuffing vehemently. The doctor looked round and bounded forward over fire and all, so violently as to knock me back upon the ground as I was rising. It was time for him to jump with that hot breath in his face. At the same instant, WICKLIFFE disappeared from the bank and the head with him. The monster had wiped him off with one sweep of its paw, and as I sprang forward I saw them rolling together down to the bottom. With a shout I leaped after them, followed by the doctor. I remember pitching against a soft bulk, and then spangles and stars flew from my eyes, and I was insensible. When I became conscious again it was of dizziness and languor; when I could open my eyes, I first saw the tree-tops above me, and then recognized the whole party standing around me. Just outside the circle the huge carcass of a grizzly bear was lying. It turned out that the creature being hungry, had been attracted by the savor of TEDDY's roast to climb the bank, and not understanding the rumpus the doctor and me made, had raked at poor unconscious WICKLIFFE as the nearest prey, and rolled with him down the hill, and I, in my hurry, had fallen full against it, to receive a broad slap, which sent me limber enough, at least ten paces. The doctor, who followed, was more lucky, and keeping his feet, let drive into its carcass in time to divert its attention from helpless WICKLIFFE, and TEDDY rushed down with a chunk of fire which turned it from the doctor, and by this time the whole party had descended and succeeded in despatching it after a furious struggle, in



which TEDDY's chunk was still all-potent in preserving the men from its formidable charges, until a sufficient number of shots had been given to quiet it. WICKLIFFE was taken up along with myself, perfectly helpless; but soon found that we were worse scared than hurt, and TEDDY's steaks shortly set all to rights. We have camped on the open plain to-night without water. A pleasant beginning this.

FEBRUARY 25.—Our water-gourds are not empty yet, and we just take a drop at a time to wet our swallows. The horses, I suppose, make out with the dew they find on the grass in the morning. The herds of mustangs we have seen to-day would be in a bad way but for the abundance of this dew. No game to be had.

FEBRUARY 26.—Well! we have eaten the last of the grizzly bear to-night. We have drained our water-gourds dry, and when we shall get any thing else to eat and drink, is more than I can venture to conjecture. If there were any "horned frogs," lizards, or other creeping things to be found enlivening this horrid waste, there would be some consolation.

FEBRUARY 27.—I feel very much like eating my saddle skirts to-night. Indeed I should not hesitate to make a French soup of them if we only had fire and water to do it with. But water is a romance; and fire wouldn't last long, made of green grass. The horses look wretched, and I am sure we feel so.

FEBRUARY 28.—About 10 o'clock to-day old HICKS shot a mustang. I believe we should have all gone stark mad with hunger and thirst but for this. We got water from its intestines sufficient to soothe the fire raging in our veins. Killing it was a noble exploit of the old hunter. We stopped about two hours after coming in sight of the herd, before we saw the smoke of his gun and their scattering. He had crawled fully a mile on his hands and knees before he got in range of them. Just before dark we came in sight of a line of timber, and after riding two hours in the night we have reached it, and found a small branch running northeast. This, no doubt, empties into the ARKANSAS; so that we be through the desert. Tell me not of

"That nepenthe which the wife of Jove  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena!"

Compared with a cool draught of pure water, nectar even would be loathsome to us.

This desert is a curious affair. I do not see why it should be called the Wild-Horse Desert specially, for there is not a living thing of *any* kind to be seen in the interior of it, except an occasional solitary raven; and on the edges of it, in reach of the streams, where the mustangs are only found, the buffalo, deer and antelopes are quite as numerous as they. Its vast surface is almost destitute of water; the soil is so thin and sandy, that even after heavy rains no water would be found, for it would sink as fast as it fell if it came in floods. A thin growth of coarse grass covers it. But the most remarkable feature is an interminable succession of deep gullies, the sides of some of them fifty feet perpendicular. Beneath the deep bed of sand is a stratum of tough red clay and pebbles; when the water sinks to this it can get no deeper and must find an outlet. These gullies afford one; and the wearing of the water as it dribbles along their beds, has gradually cut them down to great depths and into most singular shapes too. The hard clay has been

perforated in ten thousand different ways, and left standing, to assume every conceivable form to the eye of the fanciful observer: here "column, architrave," and every shape of grotesquery may be traced with no great effort of conjuration. While deep beneath their intricate fret-work, the water, when there is any, may be heard gurgling and tinkling on its difficult "winding way." These gullies are entirely impassable, except at occasional intervals, and they are always designated by the buffalo-paths, which sometimes run parallel with them for many miles before crossing, and this crossing is often a very ticklish business; your horse has some how, or some how so, by a complication of manœuvres between sliding, rolling, and tumbling, to get down, and then he looks like a big fly climbing a wall, as he goes up, while you feel it advisable to stand clear lest he should fall back and make a mash of you. You never know when you are approaching one of them, until you are right upon the brink and looking no little astonished down its sudden ragged cleft. In the dark you would be sure to walk off into emptiness before you were aware, for they are cut sheer down from the general level with nothing along the brink to warn you. It surprises one greatly after riding for hours over the monotonous level, to come so unexpectedly upon these gaping fissures, which look at first as if the earth's crust was split down to its very centre, and you feel as though you had come to "the jumping off place." We are camped to-night on the ARKANSAS, a grand stream, nearly a quarter of a mile in width, rolling on most imposingly—a turbulent and swollen flood. The valley through which its bed lies seems to be the very paradise of hunters, for in every direction game is in view this evening, and the green luxuriance of vegetation spread so enticingly on every hand, is an assurance of its constant presence.

FEBRUARY 29.—We followed up the river bottom to-day, skirting the timber. All I have seen of the abundance of game heretofore would furnish no criterion of the affluence of this valley. Thousands upon thousands of buffalo and deer have been passed to-day, and many herds of mustangs. Hicks says we shall have to keep up this valley for a week or so before we are fairly among the mountains we desire to reach. This promise of superfluous plenty is by no means ungrateful. Hope it may only hold out.

My journal for the next nine days furnishes little variety of interest. During this time we continued to course up the valley of the ARKANSAS, and were seldom out of sight of the timber. The valley gradually narrows, and on the fifth day we first saw the blue cones of distant knobs on either hand. Each day they become more distinct and seemed to be closing their giant ranks upon us, until at last on the left bank we rode beneath their shadows, and could count the peaks distinctly on the right. Every day deer and buffalo had been killed; together with these the ordinary game, we got five black throats, three elks, and a grizzly bear. Indeed game of every kind was superlatively abundant, and the river was of course our unfailing spring.

---

## ART. IV.—POPULAR GOVERNMENTS AND INSTITUTIONS.

## SECTION I.—OF THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

TO trace the origin, progress, and present state of the principles by which popular governments profess to regulate their public affairs, whether internal or external—to mark the degree of civil liberty enjoyed by mankind in the different nations and ages of the world, wherever the name of liberty has been known; but particularly to investigate these principles as they have been developed, declared, practised and enforced, in these UNITED STATES, would seem to afford subjects worthy of the enquiry and study of all who have been educated within the influence of popular institutions, as well as of the friends of liberty everywhere.

It is not mere curiosity that such an examination is calculated to gratify: it would tend to make us better informed of the evils incident to popular governments, and thus enable us to discover danger when it threatens, and avoid the evils and errors into which other nations have fallen, and by which many of them have been ruined. It would also familiarize us with the true principle of democracy and republicanism, as they ought to exist, both in theory and practice, so as to enable us more quickly to detect any deviation or divergence of the government from the path of liberty. With particular individuals and parties, there will necessarily exist shades of difference as to the extent and applicability of the principles proposed to be examined; but no politician of any party will be bold enough at this day, in this country, to doubt or deny the truth of the principles themselves.

In such a discussion, the great object should be to discover and unfold clear, distinct and practical views of those great principles of government, on which rest the popular institutions of these UNITED STATES—endeavoring thereby to perpetuate not merely the remembrance and knowledge of them, but their living use and practice. For it does not necessarily follow, because a nation possesses what is called a republican or popular *form* of government, that the nation should be free, and the people enjoy the blessings of liberty. Unless the true principles of freedom be thoroughly infused into the institutions, and felt, revered, and practised by the administrators of the government—unless they be understood, appreciated, and jealously guarded by the people or their guides, in form there may be a republic, yet in reality but “a whited sepulchre, beautiful without, but within full of dead men’s bones and of all uncleanness.”

## SECTION II.—OF THE MATERIALS OUT OF WHICH THE GOVERNMENT AND INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WERE CONSTRUCTED.

The structure which constitutes the government and institutions of the UNITED STATES, is far from being entirely composed of new materials. These materials have been accumulating in every age of the world, from the first formation of society, and are derived to us from a great variety of sources. Some are drawn from the fragments of the old Grecian republics, which afford as admirable models of institutions and laws, as the remains of their temples do of architecture—their literature, standards of taste—their philosophy, precepts of mo-



rals : some from the majestic ruins of the Roman republic, many of whose stern features may be recognized in our own institutions, and whose rigid precepts of public virtue and patriotism are among the political maxims and doctrines most current and familiar in this country. Other materials are derived from the less classic though not less wise and free institutions of the northern nations, who subverted the corrupt mass of the ROMAN EMPIRE, and established on its ruins, not their own original institutions, but a military system directly opposite, though better adapted to preserve their conquests from the fierce assaults of other needy and warlike nations. Other features of our political system are taken from the republics and democracies of more modern times, some of which still preserve much of their original spirit. But the nation whose jurisprudence and constitution have yielded us the most direct and abundant supply of materials for our political edifice, is the same from which we derive our language, and which claims as great a superiority over all other nations for the extent of her civil liberty and the wisdom of her policy, as the citizens of the UNITED STATES may fairly claim to excel hers—that nation of whose constitution MONTESQUIEU (before our revolution) declared, that it was the only one whose direct aim and end was the good of the people. To so many various sources are the citizens of this country to look for the origin and spirit of their government, institutions and jurisprudence, the safeguards of their persons and property, and the title-deeds of their liberty. Nor does it detract from the praise that is so eminently due to the immediate framers of the constitutions of these States and their successors, who would still strive to improve them, that a large portion of the materials has been and may still be derived from a source not altogether domestic. It was true wisdom to select the best out of a variety already furnished to their hand, and whose excellence and adaptation had been already tested by experience, instead of indulging like PLATO, ARISTOTLE, MORE and LOCKE, in their own theoretic views and individual speculations. An illustration of the truth of this is afforded in the history of the drama. The groundwork of the *chef d'œuvres* of the great English dramatist is not the original fruit of his own genius, but taken either from history, or the strong, natural and undisciplined efforts of some obscure and forgotten writer of plays. And yet who will say that less merit is due to SHAKSPEARE on this account ? His peculiar excellence may depend on this very circumstance ; for the rudest composition was reduced to beauty and harmony when he chose to handle it, and the CÆSARS, and AGAMEMNONS, the RICHARDS, and HENRYS of other ages were restored to life by the irresistible power of his re-creative genius. Originality in detail, or even invention, is far from being the peculiar characteristic of genius ; and perhaps greater praise is due to the lawgiver or statesman who enables mankind to profit by past experience, than to him who would point out a new, untrodden, though brighter path of his own, for their journey. It but enhances the merit of the first founders of our government, in constructing the political edifice, and its nice and elaborate machinery—that with consummate care and judgment, they collected the most valuable materials from numerous and scattered fragments, and with admirable skill joined and fitted them together. They were practical as



well as profound, and humble though firm and wise. They had learned much from books, but more from the study of men. When the political excitement of the times, and the prevailing prejudices against ENGLAND would have induced men of less coolness and less wisdom to reject every thing British in the formation of their new governments, they calmly weighed how much of the old order of things ought to be retained, and how much rejected, what hints might be taken from this quarter, and what from that—and thus deliberately and without bias, fixed upon that system of government which continues with but slight alteration to the present time, and whose adaptation to the great mass of the people, for whom it was formed, becomes more and more apparent, the more light is shed upon it by experience.

SECTION III.—OF THE NATURE OF REPUBLICAN, DEMOCRATIC AND FEDERAL GOVERNMENTS—AND HOW THEY DIFFER FROM OTHER FORMS OF GOVERNMENT—AND HEREIN OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE.

To judge correctly of the nature and character of any government, two things are principally to be kept in view: the quantity of power conceded to the government by the constitution, laws or customs of the country, and the source whence that power is derived. Thus, where the sovereignty or principal influence over the government is vested either mediately or immediately in the great body of the people, it is called a *republic* or *democracy*: where the sovereignty is vested in a few individuals, there is an *aristocracy* or *oligarchy*: where, vested in one individual, a *monarchy* or *despotism*. There are but few governments, in actual operation, which, strictly speaking, belong to any of these forms, though these names may be applied to them. Thus, the British government, which is usually called a monarchy, has in its constitution a strong infusion of aristocracy, and the democratic influence has in recent years become gradually more and more powerful. So of the government of FRANCE, which, before the revolution of 1789, was almost a pure monarchy or despotism, is now checked by a strong popular restraint—and had LAFAYETTE succeeded, in 1830, in his plan of establishing or resting the throne on popular institutions, the people of FRANCE would now be in the enjoyment of a republican government, notwithstanding the kingly title of the chief magistrate. So—if the supposition be allowed—at the formation of the Constitution of the UNITED STATES, had the unpopular title of king been substituted for that of president, without any other alteration in the constitution or addition of power to the office, the new government would in reality have been no less republican than at present. On the other hand, the power wielded by NAPOLEON, as First Consul, was not less absolute than that exercised by him under the undisguised name of Emperor. It is not therefore merely from the name that the true nature of a government can be ascertained. Before this can be correctly determined, it must first be known from what source emanates the power which ultimately wields the sceptre, and makes and administers the laws—to whom and to what extent, and with what restraints, checks, qualifications, and conditions, that power is entrusted; and, above all, how and to what end it is exercised.

There is this difference in the use of the terms *republic* and *democracy*: writers apply the name of republic to any kind of government where the chief power is declared by the constitution to be vested in the people, even though a portion of the sovereignty be exercised by an order of nobility or a prince. In the former of these cases the government is an aristocratic republic, such as VENICE was: in the latter a monarchical republic, as SPARTA and POLAND. The government of the UNITED STATES may, in this sense, be termed a *democratic republic*.

A *democracy*, or democratic republic, is a form of government in which there is no privileged order or individual in the state, and where the ultimate sovereignty rests unrestrictedly, exclusively, and absolutely in the people. In proportion to the greater number of individuals admitted to a share or voice in the government, or the privileges of citizenship, the more pure will be the democracy. Thus, if the Constitution of the UNITED STATES had provided that none but those who shall have attained the age of twenty-five years should be qualified to vote, the government would, to this extent, have approached less near to a pure democracy than at present, where the elective franchise is conferred on citizens at the age of twenty-one, thereby admitting a larger proportion of the people to a voice in public affairs. The general and state governments of this union are pure democracies, though republics more democratic may easily be conceived, and have actually existed. Thus, no feature in our American institutions is so levelling as the Athenian Ostracism, which gave the people constitutional power of banishing any of the citizens whose virtues or abilities, in their opinion, rendered his popularity dangerous to the commonwealth, and that without alleging any fault or offence against him. In this way ARISTIDES, the truest patriot ATHENS ever had, was banished for no crime but that of loving his country too well. It is true that the envy excited by great public virtues is at work in every state, and is of much earlier origin than the Athenian Ostracism; for we find the Jewish patriarch, ISAAC; driven from the territory of ABIMELECH, who dismisses him with this significant command, "go from us, for thou art much mightier than we." This is the first instance on record, as a learned writer remarks, of what was termed among the GREEKS ostracism, viz., the banishment of a person from the state, of whose power, influence, or riches the people were jealous—which Lord BACON appears to have had in view, when he remarked that "public envy is an ostracism that eclipseth men when they grow too great." ATHENS appears to be the only state where this jealousy or envy ever assumed the form of a constitutional enactment. Another very remarkable instance of excessive democracy, is found in the history of the city of STRASBURG. The people having risen upon and overpowered their rulers, put to death all the nobility. Among the provisions established for the new government, it was enacted that whoever was a candidate for the chief magistracy, viz., grand-burgomaster, must prove that his grandfather had been a day laborer, or at least a tradesman, constituting these classes the only privileged order in the state. Better instances of pure democracy are found in the mountain cantons of SWITZERLAND, where the elective franchise was

conferred at the age of fourteen, and where, as well as in the republics of this country, the highest offices were often conferred on citizens elevated solely by merit from the humblest condition. Some have contended that a democracy, strictly speaking, cannot exist except where the whole people meet to enact laws and appoint the officers of government, which is only possible in very small states ; but wherever there exists a true and faithful representation of the people, the government is certainly one of the people, though administered through the temporary and limited trustees of their sovereignty.

The general notion of a *federal government* or confederacy, is where the deputies or ambassadors of several sovereign states, or the representatives of several states or communities not absolutely sovereign, are invested by their respective constituents with authority, power and instructions, to unite for the purpose of carrying out a common object. Such a union may be merely temporary to effect a single purpose ; or it may, like the Constitution of these UNITED STATES, be designed for perpetually carrying out and accomplishing a series of great objects, which lie at the foundation of public happiness and national power and prosperity, and which, in the case of our system, are most beautifully and appropriately described in the constitution :

“ To form a more perfect union, establish justice, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.”

Very different in its objects was the confederation of the great powers of EUROPE, after the fall of NAPOLEON. This Holy Alliance was formed, as was pretended, to preserve the balance of power between the respective nations of that continent, but in reality, as their proceedings demonstrated, to crush liberty, preserve, strengthen and perpetuate the despotic power of emperors and kings, and construct a rampart which might protect them from the fast-rising tide of popular power. It is no part of the nature of a federal government, that, in order to its existence and operation, the states which create it should be stripped of their sovereignty. It is true that most governments of this kind mentioned in history, including the old confederation of the American States, were built on this insecure foundation, which became the main cause of their subversion. The framers of the present constitution of the UNITED STATES wisely shunned this defect ; and instead of establishing a sovereignty over several sovereign states, and conferring the power to enact laws for communities in their political capacity, so arranged the powers of the new government in reference to those of the states, that its action operated solely on individuals, thereby strengthening its legitimate operations, and avoiding collision with the states. The general and state governments thus became, as it were, co-ordinate trustees of distinct portions of that sovereignty, which, however, belongs ultimately and exclusively to the people alone. When, therefore, the sovereignty of a state is spoken of, it can mean nothing but that small portion of the sovereignty which the people have delegated and entrusted for a time to the state government as their organ. The immense residuum of sovereignty still remains in the people of the state, which they may, when occasion requires, exer-



cise through some other organ than the state government. So, when the general government is spoken of as being sovereign within its legitimate sphere, it means that a portion of the residuum of sovereignty so reserved to the several people of the states, has been delegated by them to another organ distinct from their several local organs, to be exercised for sundry objects of great and general importance to all. Still, the ultimate and only absolute sovereignty remains unalienably vested in the several communities from which both the local and general governments derive their powers. Hence there is no actual sovereignty in congress, none in the president, none in the state legislatures, none in the governor, none in the judiciary. These are but special and limited agents or trustees, to hold, exercise, and administer those powers, and that portion of the people's sovereignty which the exigencies of good government may require, and which return from time to time to their real proprietors on the expiration of their several trusts, to be again and again renewed. These trusts or powers are temporary and special, and restrained by numerous checks and limitations. The vast residuum of sovereignty which remains to the several communities of the states, is of so high and unlimited a nature as to include absolute and perpetual power, over the lives, liberties and property of all subject to its sway. It is above human laws and constitutions, being prior and paramount to them, without any other restriction than the laws of God and nature, to which all people, however free, and all princes, however absolute, are ever subject and responsible. Some nations have permitted this transcendent power to be extorted or seduced from them by ambitious monarchs; some, after being betrayed, yielded it up to a few leaders of a faction; but many, thank God! have had the wisdom and courage to retain it in their own possession, deeming it too mighty a trust for any single man or body of men to exercise with safety. This is the sovereignty which the people of the several states retained to themselves when the constitution of 1789 was formed; and this sovereignty they still retain, one particle of which that constitution forbids ever to be communicated to any individual or body, whether entitled president, legislature, judiciary, or governor. Perpetuity is an essential requisite of sovereignty. Hence, as there is no institution or office under our system of government which the people have not the power to change or abolish, none of them possess the indispensable requisite of sovereignty, viz., perpetuity. That the people may ever continue to be the sole repositories of their own sovereignty, must be the wish and prayer of every friend of man and his country.

The sovereignty of the people therefore is not, as some allege, the mere cant of party politics, invented by demagogues to win popularity. It is as sacredly and inalienably the inheritance of the people of these states as civil liberty itself. What indeed would be the value of liberty if dependant for its security and continuance on the will—even though checked and limited—of a single man or body of men, instead of reposing safely, as with us, on the will of millions of freemen, constituting many distinct communities?

---



## ART. V.—HENRY B. HIRST'S POEMS. (a.) X



THE wonderful POP EMMONS astonished the world by his sublimest of epics—the “Fredoniad;” Colonel JOHN PLUCK, as commanding officer of the redoubtable and bloody 84th regiment of Pennsylvania militia, terrified the nations with the name of his dreadful deeds; and JESSE E. DOW, in that drollest of newspapers, the “United States Journal,” plays the buffoon to admiration, even to this day:—but neither POP, PLUCK nor DOW,—worthily grouped friends—could create so great a sensation as HENRY B. HIRST of PHILADELPHIA, with his book of poems. It is a thing—the book we mean, for the author is, indisputably, not a thing—which looks well, in these days of sixpenny publications. It is neatly printed, with black ink, on stout, smooth and white paper; it has a sufficiency of margin, and it is well done up in boards. So much for the mere external description. Of the internal part—the wonderful contents—with due deference to the distinguished author, being thereunto moved by the duties of our august office, and having the invaluable assistance of a newspaper—we shall proceed to speak. We say—the invaluable assistance of a newspaper—for be it known to all men, that in a respectable weekly sheet, called “The Home Journal,” there not long since appeared a biography of our author. What the deuce Mr. HIRST had achieved in the world of letters or elsewhere, deserving of so much notice, the public will be apt to enquire—but such ridiculous enquiries are impertinent, and should be treated with silent contempt. As by this and by that—by the book of poems and the newspaper biography, Mr. HIRST is desirous of notoriety, we feel bound, as charitable individuals, to assist him to his object. We intend he shall be gratified—to the full extent of his ambition; until the whole land shall be aware of his existence—an existence of which nine-tenths of the people were before ignorant.

From the biography aforesaid—and being written under his dictation it is excellent authority—it appears that Mr. HIRST is a very respectable and worthy young gentleman on the sunny side of thirty. He was formerly a gardener and vender of seeds—after the fashion of our direct ancestor MR. ADAM, who tended plants, and kept a seed store in EDEN—and for some time, in company with a worthy partner, pursued his business with profit and renown. Indeed, we can vouch for it, for we have rowed him to his garden, several times, when we pursued the humble avocation of a ferryman; never dreaming, in our

(a.) “The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and other Poems. By Henry B. Hirst. “*Pro me: si merear, in me,*” TRAJAN. Boston: Published by Phillips & Sampson. 1845.” 12mo. pp. 163.

ignorance, that we were near the person of a man of such wonderful functions. But, as the tailor in the play avowed that he had "a soul above buttons," so did our author profess to have an ethereal essence which soared above turnip seeds. Therefore he abandoned his business, for a very pressing reason, and sat him down to study law and write rhymes. After having copied BYRON and digested BLACKSTONE, for the proper time, he applied for admission to the bar. The Board of Examiners, owing to a most unaccountable stupidity, refused to grant him his license. Nothing daunted—with perseverance he re-applied himself to his studies, re-applied for admission, and the profession of the Law received a gifted member in his person. If we may trust his biography and his own personal assurance, his success has been unparalleled. Indeed, it should be. We heard him once, ourselves, address a jury, and can assure the reader that his eloquence affected us excessively, and he brought out some points of law, of which the most eminent judges had before that time been ignorant.

It would seem as though his personal characteristics had nothing to do with our review; but it is so utterly impossible to comprehend the book before us without comprehending the character of the man, that our readers must excuse us if we draw some more from the biography. That veracious piece of history informed us that Mr. HIRST had only to collect his poems to become the first poet in the country, and it also assured us, that while he possessed, in an eminent degree, the best characteristics of other bards, he surpassed them "in the greatest of all poetical qualities—ideality." As he has made and published a collection, we may presume him to be at the head of the poets in this country, and—this country being the first of nations—in the world. The biography also informs us that he is a great naturalist, a profound lawyer, an expert taxidermist, a skilful linguist, and a prose writer of terrible power—that "he is rather under than over the middle height"—that "his figure is well-proportioned"—that "his forehead is high, and especially broad in the region of ideality," and that "his hair is of a light auburn colour, and slightly inclined to curl." All this is doubtless correct. In truth, we can vouch for the last, for we remember that his hair is of that color, so popular among the ancients, but not so much in vogue among the moderns, except for military coats and brick dust.

But the biography interrupts itself in its strain of eulogy to let us into a secret. Whether this is done to show the cruel neglect with which he has been treated by the fair sex—whether it is intended for the benefit of some well-dowered damsel, who is enamoured of that "light auburn hair, slightly inclined to curl"—or whether it is a mere advertisement for a wife, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that one of the opening paragraphs of his biography consists of but one sentence, which reads, as the lawyers would say, as follows, to wit:—

"He is still unmarried."

So much for the man—now for the book. In noticing it we intend to review its contents in a sketchy manner, for a serious review is out of the question. It does not afford material for anything of that sort.

The first poem—and the longest of the book—is called "The Coming of the Mammoth," and this, in forty-eight stanzas of six lines each,

recounts to us the adventures of a herd of monstrous beasts, who, after doing a deal of mischief, get killed—save one, who commits suicide. The incidents of the story deserve a detail. The aborigines of this country are seated at the doors of their lodges—on their hunkers, we suppose, for this was, we take it, at a period anterior to the manufacture of joint stools—watching their children, as the little copper-colored rascals cut capers on “the dewy grass”—

“When suddenly, a sulphurous shade  
Fell gloomily on glen and glade :  
“And, from the distance, wild and strange,  
And clangorous clamors eddied past,  
As hurrying on this boding change  
Arose the murmurs of the blast ;  
And heavy clouds swept down and round,  
Whirling, like marsh-mists, o’er the ground.”

The spectators—having risen from their hunkers,

“—— stood appalled, aghast with dread,  
The tumult shaking earth and air—  
When over Alleghany’s head,  
Appeared a faint and flickering glare,  
And groans, as though its peaks were riven,  
Swelled terribly from earth to heaven.”

—“crash echoed crash”—the earth quaked—the swift lightning “coursed” through the sky—the birds flew away—the cougar, in a very uneasy state of mind, popped out of one thicket into another, the herons left “the swelling floods,” first “stunning the air with clamorous cries”—and amid this general flourish of trumpets and racket, the principal performers in the drama, enter O. P. and exit P. S., as follows :

“Onward and on, a myriad forms,  
Unearthly in their savage mien,  
Each, like a mountain crowned with storms,  
Came thundering through the forest green ;  
While flickering on the eyes of night,  
Around them rolled a lambent light.  
“With snake-like trunk and hide of steel, (?)  
And tusks like primal sycamores,  
Making the earth in passing reel,  
They hastened towards the Atlantic shores,  
The loftiest trees beneath their tread  
Sinking like reeds—black and dead.  
“On, like the hurricane, they came !  
On, like the hurricane, they passed !  
An instant—and the air was flame, (?)  
And rushing round us, roared the blast !  
Another—and their forms had gone  
O’er the far forests surging (?) on !”

All night long the aborigines prayed lustily ; and in the morning found the whole country round about, as a Vermonter would say—“knocked into eternal smash.” To use the author’s words—

“The night—and all was verdure green—  
The morn—not even the grass was seen.”

Whereupon they all

“Sat for days, like men asleep ;”

deriving subsistence, probably, bear-fashion, by sucking their paws, watching the monsters hunt buffalo, and

“—— crush them with their *teeth of steel*”—

and wonder at their drinking, for

“—— lake and river,  
A draught of theirs made dry for ever ;”

a feat which reminds us of “Tippler,” in the burletta of “Fortunio,” and should have been opposed at once by the aboriginal temperance societies.

A long time passed—the hunters went “to slay the foe,” but were slain themselves ; and the narrators, going out in search of the missing hunters, found only their bones,

“—— half hidden with stones,  
And blackened earth ——.”

after which follows a verse, which we cannot fathom.

“God of my fathers! ’twas a sight  
To quench the courage of the bold!  
Green mosses fringing all the white  
And shattered limbs with slimy fold,  
They slept ; while, bleaching in the air,  
Their eyeless skulls lay crushed and bare.”

If any one can make sense out of the preceding six lines, we should be thankful to have it, at the earliest opportunity. As it stands, after rolling the narrators into one—“God of *my* fathers!”—and declaring it was a sight “to quench the courage of the bold,” the author informs us *they* slept—but who “*they*” may be—whether the mosses, the sight, or the shattered limbs—he does not condescend to inform us, at all. But—the party gathered up the bones, and buried them “in the soddened ground”—and how the ground became *soddened* is a mystery—and then, turned back. When they got home they found every body, men, women, and children, to be dead—which makes a greater mystery to know how the race of red-skins has been continued to the present day. They became “dumb with despair,” and

“—— the very air  
Around us [them] like a sick man slept—”

though, if the author meant by that to convey the idea of perfect quiet, the sleep of a healthy man would have afforded a better object of comparison—always provided the subject had not eaten a heavy supper, when he would be apt to snore.

At last, matters grew as intolerable to the aborigines, as the poem is to its readers ; and the whole party got down on their marrow-bones, and prayed like good fellows, to MONEDO. He heard, and

“—— then flashed on high  
His bolts of vengeance through the sky.”

A storm arose—a most unique affair—and the monsters ran away, but were knocked in the head, all

“Save him the fiercest! and alone  
He stood ; *almost a God in pride*—  
Then with a loud, defying yell,  
Leapt, like a shaft o’er hill and dell.



"Our sires upon his adamant brow,  
Saw the red levin strike and shiver,  
And yet *amid the infernal glow*,  
*He battled* fierce and *firm as ever*,  
*Slowly retreating* toward the west,—"

Although very easily pleased, there are a few points in the above extract which puzzle us. We do not understand how a four-footed beast can be "*almost a God in pride*"—nor why the narrators have changed themselves from actors in the scene to the sons of the actors—nor how lightning can be shivered—nor how the glow of lightning from heaven can be *infernal*—nor how the mammoth can *battle* with the lightning, not being able to return its assaults—nor how he can be considered to be "*firm as ever*," when he is "*slowly retreating*." To a man of Mr. HIRST'S powers of "ideality" these absurdities are trifles—and so we will leave him to explain them or not as may best suit his sublime convenience.

This flashing of lightning went on—for months MONEDO fired his lightning—phizz! bang! boom! at the head of the great beast, and for months the aborigines followed the retreating monster. At last, they came to the Mississippi river, which the mammoth refused to swim—

"————— *his eye*  
*Grasped the stern scene*: beyond, the plains,  
Broad, bright and green. One leap, his last?"

Not a bit of it—

"The wide, wild swelling stream was past!"

Eight miles at a jump was nothing, to the mammoth; and over he went. A mystery again rises, in this poem of mysteries, as to how the aborigines crossed the river, in pursuit. The only way to get out of this difficulty, is to suppose that they hitched themselves to the mammoth's tail as he jumped.

The mammoth ran on until he arrived at the Rocky Mountains, where he turned. The remainder of the poem is too good to abridge, and we give it entire—as a treat to our readers.

"*Tearing up trees and rocks, he flung*  
*Them fiercely in THE FACE OF GOD. (!!!!)*  
Drowning the thunder, loudly rung  
His yells, and still defying, he trod  
The blackened ground, with dauntless eye  
Daring the Highest of the High.  
"Gathering his utmost strength and *wild*  
At meeting from the thing he made  
Such *savage scorn*, MONEDDO *piled*  
*Chaotic masses*, and arrayed  
The spirits of the storm, while fell  
Blackness like that which reigns in hell,  
"On earth and air. The mammoth turned  
And unsubdued, with new-born might,  
While fiercer yet his eye-balls burned,  
Sprang toward the mountains' giddy height,  
Mocking as on he rushed unriven,  
The innocuous bolts of mighty heaven.  
"Leaps forth the lightning! swells the blast,  
Howling around him! From his throne  
Moneddo dashes thick and fast

*His gathered weapons,—tree and stone  
 And rock and thunder—but in vain—  
 The mammoth treads the summit plain.  
 "And there, above the distant flood,  
 Half shrouded by the clouds, alone  
 He moved, and like a monarch stood—  
 Those mighty hills his massive throne—  
 A monument for endless time,  
 Majestic, motionless, sublime!  
 "Moneddo gazed, and ordering forth  
 His mightiest spirits, bade them dash  
 His rude insulter to the earth.  
 They heard! With one tremendous crash  
 Down on the mammoth's forehead came  
 A surging sea of withering flame.  
 "Earth trembled to its core; and weak,  
 But unsubdued, the mammoth leapt  
 Furiously from that lofty peak  
 To where the dark blue ocean slept.  
 Down! down! The startled waters sever;  
 Then roll above him—and forever!"*

There are a few points in the preceding extract, worthy of admiration. We should like to know how a four-footed beast could fling rocks and stones, "in the face of God"—with what purpose MONEDDO, or MONEDO rather, should have piled chaotic masses—why he should have gathered about his throne, as weapons "tree, and stone, and rock," when he had a sufficiency of chain-lightning—and why he should have called his spirits to effect that which *his* utmost power had failed to do. But we can pass all these, and other wonders, in the extract, if we could get over a plain mistatement in the last verse. We find in that, the leap of the mammoth from the top of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific ocean, a distance of one thousand miles, more or less—we will not be particular. Of this we can demonstrate arithmetically, the impossibility. By the poem itself, we learn that each of these monsters crushed the tallest forest trees, as though they were rushes. Now, we saw a calf the other day—and talking of Mr. HIRST impresses it very vividly on our memory—who was engaged in running across a meadow. At every step he took he crushed some of the rushes which grew around him. Now the length of the calf from the tip of his snout to the insertion of his tail, was just four feet. Here we have the materials for our problem. It can be all worked out by "the rule of three." As 8 inches (the average height of rushes) is to 48 inches (the length of the calf) so is 1800 inches (the height of the tallest forest tree,) to the length of the mammoth from snout to base of tail. Thus:—

8 : 48 :: 1,800 : 10,800 inches—or 900 feet ;

the actual length of the mammoth. As this specimen appears to have been a large one, he may have been 1,000 feet long. Now, unless he possessed the powers of the flea, he could never have jumped five thousand two hundred and eighty times his own length. We think, however, that Mr. HIRST merely meant us to suppose that his wonderful beast, made the distance by a series of leaps—hop, skip, and jump—and not by a single effort. In such a case the recital does not altogether pass credulity.

Leaving this wonderful poem which is all Mr. HIRST's own—no one else being ambitious to own it—we come to a series, to whose proprietorship he cannot lay so much claim. The first of these, called the "Funeral of Time," is an imitation of TENNYSON's "Dying Year," in which the style of the author is burlesqued, and the idea pulled out, like a piece of India rubber.

The next poem, "Isabelle"—is also an imitation of TENNYSON. It gives an account of a respectable young lady who sat, in her chamber, sighing,

"And trembling with a strange unrest,  
A yearning for she knew not what—"

probably, for bread and butter—possibly, for a sixpence—and who, when a blue-eyed page came, became

"———— all aflame—"

to the great alarm of the insurance offices.

"Geraldine," which follows, is another imitation of TENNYSON, and by far, the most clever thing in the book, if we except a sonnet, called "Dead Man's Island." The opening stanzas are really very beautiful. What the author means by calling the ground "*sodden*," we cannot tell.

"The Unseen River," is an impudent endeavor to imitate POE. It turns out to be a vile caricature. A few lines would show to any one, who has read "The Haunted Palace," and "The Raven," the originality of Mr. HIRST. For instance—

"Through a valley green and golden,  
In the purple time and olden—"

"All around grew dark and dreary,  
And our wanderer, very weary—" &c. &c.

with a host of other passages, of like nature, distributed through the book, prove the intentional copyism.

"The burial of Eros," is another imitation of TENNYSON—a variation of the "Funeral of Time."

"The Sea of the Mind," is a plagiarism in idea, style and expression, from the "Haunted Palace."

"The Birth of a Poet," and "Everard Grey," are nowise remarkable, except from the fact, that the first is taken from JOHN NEAL; and the second is jingling nonsense—and not very smooth at that.

The rest of the poems given us are alike in this—they are either imitations or plagiarism. Mr. HIRST appears to have drawn his materials and style alternately from TENNYSON, BYRON, SHELLEY, TOM MOORE, BARRY CORNWALL, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, BRYANT and POE, occasionally from all—and seems to have thrown just enough of his own nonsense into the mess to make it silly. From this, however, the initiatory poem of the book may be excepted. That is the pure HIRST—the genuine article. There can be no doubt of that.

As Mr. HIRST has given us neither originality of idea, style, or execution—it might be thought that he would furnish us with decent rhymes and tolerable versification. But he seems to have no notion of what constitutes a rhyme; and his versification is often the most discordant possible. The veriest poetaster in the worst conducted coun-

try newspaper would not have perpetrated anything half so bad as the following :

" ——— primal tendernesses,  
And clasping thee, the passionate bard and glowing,  
Wanders away through sylvan lonelinesses."

Any poet, with little knowledge of the principles of his art, guided alone by his natural sense, would have known that the merit of rhyme consisted in the recurrence of similar, not identical sounds. At all events, he would not have tortured words out of their proper accentuation to cap his verses. And who, in these days, when the theory of the construction of verse is so commonly understood, would have introduced into Iambic rhythm, such lines as these—

" Halo-like round her, *and* the plain is bright  
From *the* excess of *that* luxurious light."—  
" Old mossy oaks, *Druids* decayed and hoary,"—  
" And many a bird fills *the* soft wind's fine ears"—  
" And go to bed when *the* owl goes—at dawn"—  
" Dim as a dream, till *the* horizon's blue—" &c. &c.

But Mr. HIRST is, we know, a great genius—and it is the province of great geniuses to spurn common rules.

In the absurd and extravagant, Mr. HIRST excels nearly as much, in the minor poems, as in "The coming of the Mammoth." For instance he tells us of a young lady—and he seems to have a great amount of unrequited tenderness for the gentle sex—who possesses

" ——— cheeks where the loveliest of lustres reposes,  
*On valleys of lileys and mountains of roses*"—

and another he thus apostrophises—

" Thy present bed—thy virgin bed,  
On which thou liest cold and dead,  
Shall lose thee soon ;  
And worms will mate  
And frolic—mirthfully elate—  
(Sad fate!)  
In death's dull noon,  
Upon thy lovely limbs, and creep  
Where sweetest odors love to sleep—"

And then he informs us that he who seeks to keep love

" ——— hath a weary task ;  
He must rise early as the matin lark,  
And go to bed when the owl goes—at dawn."

in common parlance, "be wide awake, and no mistake." In another place he slaughters—or his hero does, with his assistance—a parcel of people after the following fashion—

" Oh! Odin! 'twas pleasure—'twas passion to see  
Her serfs sweep like wolves on a lambkin like me!  
With one surge of my steel how their heads rolled around,  
Like tree-tops the hurricane hurled to the ground!  
Like oaks 'neath the lightning they cumbered the land,  
Falling limbless and shorn 'neath my death-dealing brand."

This lambkin, who cuts off the legs and hair of his victims—"falling limbless and shorn,") the wolves, might have used better language than



"like *me*," unless he intended it for a specimen of choice Choctaw, when it may—for all we know to the contrary—pass muster.

But *the* couplet of the book, is one containing verses as long as the moral law—namely :

"Even the echo was silent. Our kisses and whispers of love,  
Languished unheard and unknown, like the blossoming buds of the grove."

Beyond the sublimity of the last quotation sublimity can no farther go, without being sublimed to nothing. It takes one's breath away to read it; and seems to be invented to improve distinctness of articulation, like the famous quotation, commencing—

"Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

Nevertheless, it has a peer—which we happen to remember, and which runs somewhat in this wise—

"I ask you, wasn't Pharaoh a rascal  
Not to let the children of Israel, their asses, oxen, wives and the rest of their cattle go  
a forty day's journey into the wilderness to eat a bit of Paschal?"

Yet there are some pretty passages in the book. The only doubt is, as we read them, "who do they belong to?" We select, however, all we can find; and the reader can pick out the right owners at his leisure.

"Her lustrous eyes grew large with love ;  
Her cheeks, with passion, flushed and bright ;  
Her lips, whereon no bee might rove  
Undrunk with delight,  
Were ever apart and jewelled o'er  
With diamonds of nectarean dew ;  
Her fair and faultless features wore  
A spiritual hue ;  
Her step grew certain with the firm,  
Full knowledge she had passed the night  
Of woman's life, and reached the term,  
Where henceforth, all was light.  
She felt she had not lived in vain ;  
She saw the Eden of her dreams  
Close round her, and she stood again  
Beside its silver streams." p. 39.  
"A holy calm, like that which falls  
In vast cathedrals, when the last  
Low organ tone along the walls  
In melody hath passed.  
Such was the stillness, —" p. 71.

" — at her word  
The hushed air shook—with human passion stirred." p. 109.

"When twilight fades, and evening falls  
Alike o'er tree and tower,  
And silence like a pensive maid,  
Walks round each slumbering bower,—  
When fragrant flowrets fold their leaves,  
And all is still in sleep,  
The horned owl, on moonlit wing,  
Flies from the donjon keep  
"And he calls aloud, "tu-whit, tu-whoo!"  
And the nightingale is still,  
And the pattering step of the hurrying hare  
Is hushed upon the hill ;  
And he crouches low in the dewy grass,  
As the lord of the night goes by,

Not with a loudly whirr of wing,  
But like a lady's sigh."

The last four lines are rather obscure—and there is nothing very wonderful in the extracts we have given; but we like to give something decently good, at least, from every book we examine. Whether our toil of reading the whole book through is repaid by finding a few of such lines, is very doubtful.

We should not have taken the trouble to have brought Mr. HIRST so prominently before our readers, had we not been spurred thereto, by the most dreadful bodily fear. We say—"bodily fear"—and no wonder, for Mr. HIRST promises another volume. We hope what we have done will deter him from the commission of a folly, the consequences of which can be only beneficial to the dealers in waste-paper. We assure him, honestly, he is not a poet. He may excel in love, law, or languages—he may be an adept at whitewashing, or be a very excellent cobbler—he may do a great many things well—but he cannot write poetry. If he will persist in publishing we have our remedy. The Grand Inquest can present all nuisances, and have them abated. We shall hand over his next volume to its tender consideration. If one of its members read ten lines of the nasty stuff—Heaven help the luckless author. He will be undoubtedly condemned to a ducking in the nearest horsepond.

---

ART. VI.—THE DEAD.

**E**XPOSED to decay, yonder simple grey stone  
Tells her name and her fate to beholders;  
And many of those who are passing have known  
Of the beauty beneath it which moulders.  
Yet they pass by her grave with a smile and a sneer,  
Or mock at the name  
Should they stay;  
For the one whom my spirit in silence held dear,  
Was the by-word of shame—  
Well-a-day!  
"

A sweet-briar blooms by that simple grey stone,  
And a streamlet beside it is creeping;  
That spot to the mock-bird at night-time is known,  
And he sings there when others are sleeping.  
She hears not a note of the beautiful strain;  
Her spirit has fled;  
Far away;  
And the name which the tongue of the ruthless would stain,  
Is the name of the dead—  
Well-a-day!

## ART. VII.—TOURISTS IN AMERICA.

A CONSIDERABLE space of time has elapsed since the pure taste of the English public has been gratified by a work treating upon the demerits of our people, and the imbecility of our government. The book of MR. FEATHERSTONEHAUGH was the last—and it is nearly a year since that made its appearance here. Some tourists appear to be so busily engaged in their proper avocation of picking pockets, as to have no leisure for light literature; and others have been prevented from favoring the world with a book of travels by an incarceration in our jails, for the commission of such trifling misdemeanors as burglary, highway robbery or manslaughter. Yet we shall have a tour-book, shortly, without doubt. Some resident of that happy land where the rich dance in their palaces while the poor starve in the public streets—some subject of that government whose villany and oppression is fitly mated by the thieving and impudence of its subjects—some one of that people which is composed of fools and knaves in the proportion of two-thirds of the former to one of the latter—some Briton is no doubt, as we write, taking a hasty run through the country—subsisting as he goes by swindling—and will be ready, presently, to publish the results of his observation in a thick, hot-pressed octavo. It must be so if we judge, at all, by the past. Hardly had the virgin soil of this country been penetrated by the ploughs of the original settlers, when statements, descriptions and narratives, in extensive variety, leaped from the London presses to gratify credulous thousands. This love of book-creation has been kept up, from the time of Captain JOHN SMITH, in the year 1606, to the present pleasant moment; and the heedless and indiscriminate ardor, with which it has been sustained, testifies far more for the credulity than the sound judgment of the English people.

The early accounts of AMERICA are vastly different from those of the present day; and yet they are not without that strong family likeness which betrays the blood of a race even through a dozen generations. The first of the tribe possessed the love of falsehood; and that quality has been transmitted from each writer to his successor, like the powers of a perpetual corporation. But the race seems to have degenerated—for the lies of the seventeenth, were of a nobler nature than those of the nineteenth century—if there can be any nobility, in iniquity and deceit. The older tourists were bold Baron Munchausens—their successors are only Tom Peppers. The old ones did not stoop to note the mode in which coachmen drove their horses—nor the quantity of expectoration in a given time—nor the customs at the public tables—nor the various modes of pronouncing certain words; but they gave stirring stories of wonderful adventure—of toil, danger and magnificence—of a race of men, war-like in habits and gigantic in person—of rare and curious minerals and plants—of rich gold mines—and of rivers whose crystal waters passed over sands that glittered with innumerable gems.

But the age of romantic falsehood has passed; and instead we have an era, wherein reigns triumphant on a throne of brass, the poor, piti-

ful, naked, shivering and disgusting lie. The fall is at last complete. From history it fell to romance—from romance to falsehood. We have thus three species of writing in regard to this country. In the first we may find what Lord BOLINGBROKE called “philosophy teaching by example”—in the second, imagination refining by fiction—in the third, we can find no higher quality than is exhibited by attempts sometimes ingenious, but always impudent, to lower the reputation of a young and enterprising country in the eyes of the world.

Of the first, it has been our fortune to see but few specimens. Among those few, however, the place of honor must be assigned to Mr. GRAHAM, whose “History of AMERICA, from its settlement by Europeans down to the Revolution,” is a book remarkable for research, accuracy and impartiality. It is to be regretted that the death of this respectable historian and estimable man has precluded the long-indulged hope that he would complete a work as honorable to himself as to the nation whose birth it chronicles.

Of the second class—the romantic—there are numerous antique specimens. Many of them are the puff-books of adventurers and speculators; for the mighty bubble of our ancestors was the land which we now inhabit. Gigantic schemes for the acquisition of wealth were not born of yesterday. On the contrary, there have been several periods in the history of commerce and money when men ran riot in the anticipated profits of wild adventure. An hundred schemes, connected with the settlements, called from the coffers of the rich their hoarded thousands; and excited the sanguine hopes of the avaricious, in somewhat the same manner, but to a far greater extent than have more modern projects. The shares of the James River Company then, were no better than Mississippi bonds now; and even Sir WALTER RALEIGH—great as a hero and a historian—has proven that he would have made an excellent president for a Universal Rail Road and Banking Company, had he only lived a few hundred years longer.

The press—that universal agent for all purposes, and servant to all masters—lent itself to inflate the western bubble, and by the aid of books and that never-failing gas, human credulity, this continent, large as it is, became but the dwarf of its shadow; and great as the real rewards of industry and perseverance ever are, they are almost valueless in comparison with the splendid bribes offered alike to indolence and energy.

A rare tract, of which it is believed there is but one copy in this country, printed in the year 1648, is entitled—

“A description of the Province of New Albion, and a direction for adventurers with small stock to get two for one, and good land freely; and for gentlemen, and all servants, laborers and artificers, to live plentifully: and a former description re-printed of the healthiest, pleasantest, and richest plantation of New Albion, in North Virginia, proved by thirteen witnesses. Together with a letter from Master Robert Evelin, that lived there many years, shewing the particularities and excellency thereof. With a brief of the charge of victuals and necessities, transport and buy stock for each planter and labourer, then to get his master £50 per annum or more in twelve trades, and at £10 charges only a man.”

This glowing title, elaborate with lavish promises, may serve as a digest and epitome of the numerous class of books to which it belongs. The text is in keeping with the title. It held out “ample security for



person and property ; entire safety from Indian attacks ; 800,000 Virginians on the one side, and on the other 8000 English ; in sight five towns on the CONNECTICUT and NEW HAVEN, being populous"—"all former patents, including Maryland, being examined and found void." It described a region whose products were so rich and varied, that "he that is lazy and will not work, needs not fear starving," where,

"The soldier and gentleman wanting employment, and not born to labor, without going to war to kill christians for five shillings a week, in the mouth of the roaring cannon, or in a siege threatened with famine and pestilence, and join together against a few naked savages may, like a devout apostolic soldier, with sword and the word too, civilize and convert them to be his majesty's lieges ; and by trading with them for furs, get his 10 shillings a day ; and at home, intermixing sport and pleasure with profit, store his parks with elks and fallow deer, which are fit to ride, milk or draw—the first as big as oxen, and bringing three a year, and 500 turkeys in a flock, got by nets in stalking, get his 5 shillings a day at least."

Captain JOHN SMITH's "Description of New England," in 1616, is introduced with some of the rude rhymes of the age ; among which is the following, addressed

"To his worthy Captain, the Author."

When we peruse the incredible stories of the worthy captain, it would seem almost ironical :

"That which we call the subject of all story  
Is truth ; which in this work of thine gives glory  
To all that thou hast done. Then scorn the spite  
Of envy ; which doth no man's merits right.  
My sword may help the rest ; my pen no more  
Can do but this—I've said enough before.

Your sometime soldier,  
J. Codrington, now Templar."

The Description informs us of mines of gold, silver, and copper, of probabilities of lead, crystal and alum, of natural gardens on the rocks of NEW ENGLAND ; and, in short, represents the sterile soil of our eastern friends as a land flowing with milk and honey ; where nothing but the presence of adventurers was necessary to secure abundance for the present, and ample treasure for the future. Other accounts tell of lions and tigers prowling about MASSACHUSETTS BAY, and more than insinuates that, for occasions of state, native elephants could be procured. A very pretty story of "Twenty-three aboriginal kings under the command of our Lord Royal," may be the foundation of a pure American tragedy, to some future dramatic writer.

These romancers seem to have felt it necessary to anticipate attacks on their veracity. Reviews were unknown, or they would have been saved, by the ingenious method of reviewing their own works, the humiliation of pre-supposing doubts which could only arise from the substance of their statements. In a work, entitled "A new discovery of a country greater than Europe," the author says,

"I am not insensible that such as never dared to travel themselves, or never read the histories of the curious and brave, who have given relations of the strange countries they had occasion to see : I say, I doubt not but that sort of cattle shall account of this my discovery as being false and incredible. But I shall not be amused at what men of that gang have to say. They themselves were never masters of the courage and valour which inspire men to undertake the glorious enterprises that gain them reputation in the world. It were better for them to admire what they cannot comprehend

and rest satisfied in a wise and profound silence, than thus foolishly to blame what they know nothing of. They generally accuse travellers of venting an infinity of lies and impostures (travellers' stories they reproachfully call them); but men of a magnanimous and firm courage are placed far above such silly reveries. For when they have done all to blacken our reputation, we shall still receive for our reward the esteem and approbation of men of honor, who, being endowed with knowing and penetrating souls, are capable of giving impartial and equal judgment of travels, and of the just merit of such as have hazarded their lives for the glory of God and the good of the public."

Of all this, however, *we* have no right to complain; for if not altogether harmless when written, it is merely amusing now.

At the time of the publication of these glorifying exaggerations, we were a part of GREAT BRITAIN—the young, but hardy and independent offspring of the Father-land. After a while, we assumed the perfect man, and these glorifying inventions are all at once changed for debasing depreciations. The boy, a firm, noble, wonderful fellow, has come to manhood and set up for himself; and the people who praised the thirteen colonies loudest, abuse the twenty-eight states most vigorously.

Formerly, a deep pecuniary interest operated to cause Englishmen to extol the country in which vast capital was invested. They praised it also as a reflection of their own greatness, with somewhat the same disinterested spirit with which mothers boast that their children are the prettiest and best in the world. But there came a change over our relations—a change glorious for us, but disgraceful to them. The parent forgot that the infant had arrived at years of manhood and discretion, and undertook to inflict tasks and burthens. Of these the subject complained and expostulated, used every peaceful means of redress, and these availing nothing, protested sword in hand. The battles of the Revolution, "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm," were the final and irresistible arguments of the child against the tyranny of the parent. Driven to resistance, that resistance was carried to an extent which asserted and maintained for AMERICA those eternal political truths which the British constitution first taught to our fathers. The conflicts of that age were the clashing of steel to steel; resistance by a Saxon race to Saxon oppression on Saxon principles; for with all its faults there is a determined love of liberty sparkling in every drop of that blood which formed and matured the great popular rights embraced in the frame of the English government.

A native writer remarks that—

"A nation that has for centuries supported the first place among her sisters of the earth, will not easily brook even the approach to rivalry, and, least of all, on the part of one that has occupied the relation of a foe or dependant. Such is human nature, equally inconsistent and contradictory, in nations or individuals! The same spirit is daily exhibited in social life. The man who raises himself by merit, by the force of his own unassisted genius, to power and station among his fellow men, has every inch of ground contested; inasmuch as those who imagined themselves his superiors do not simply contemplate his elevation but their own degradation, 'since one step higher may set him highest; and thus their caste is wrested from them, or its honors are diminished by increased participation. To say, however, that this is so, is by no means to excuse it in any one, much less in those who are said to enjoy the nobler mind's distinguishing perfection—a legitimate supremacy.'"

It is worthy of observation that though one might suppose the great-

er difference between the habits and customs of the people of continental EUROPE and those of this country, would produce a sharper tone of criticism than that of British authors, yet exactly the reverse is the fact. The general spirit of the French and German works on AMERICA is highly liberal; many of them are the ardent and flattering pictures which patriots at home have drawn of a land of freedom abroad; and some are the calm and acute productions of men at once philosophers and statesmen. Such are the works of DETOCQUEVILLE, an author whose writings on this country contain not only valuable information for his own countrymen, but useful hints and discussions for ours. There are no such works of British origin; and desire it as he may, Brother JONATHAN will in vain seek for candid fact and useful instruction as pervading qualities in the productions of the subjects of Sister VICTORIA. Dr. JOHNSON, in one of his admirable essays on married life, contends for dissimilarity of taste as best calculated to produce mutual happiness; and it would seem that the national results referred to may be ascribed to the same principles.

Although it is true that there is a pervading uncharitableness towards this nation among English statesmen of both parties, yet it would not be fair to presume that the English tourists are fair representatives of either the candor or intelligence of their nation. For BRITAIN is a mighty empire—mighty not only in the extent of her domain, the wealth of her capitalists, and the power of her arms, but great in art, in science, and in letters; and although we may object to the corruptions which, in a long course of years have crept into her system, yet we should never forget that from her we derive a code of laws which is the basis of our own jurisprudence—a code which, by its growth of ages and its absorbed and concentrated wisdom of generations of virtuous and learned men, has become, if not the perfection of human reason, at least the most perfect practical system which civilization has ever developed. This communion of law is almost the last link in the strong chain which once bound us to ENGLAND. We were separated from her by her own conduct, and the breach has been continually widened by her own people. Irony, ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse may be endured for a time, but either in men or nations they will finally destroy every vestige of kindly feeling. These are the chief means (employed by most unworthy agents,) which have stirred up an animosity so nearly universal that it may be termed national. GREAT BRITAIN has great cause to be ashamed of the political philosophers and critics in politeness, who have represented her on these shores. A female pedler of parcels, divers rude and boisterous sea captains, bankrupt refugees, larking Lords, mountebank lecturers, travelling stone-crackers, and giddy actresses—such are the persons, male and female, who set themselves up as infallible judges not only of men and manners, but of systems of government; who, on the same page, pronounce solemn judgment on the cut of a coat and on some grave question of constitutional jurisprudence.

It is not strange that gentlemen and ladies so profoundly learned should devote particular attention to the gastronomic art; and accordingly we find that reviled as are our men and women, our beefsteaks and turkeys come in for an equal share of censure. The story—told



with a touching pathos which makes our heart bleed for the poor victims of American barbarism—of food, bad in itself and miserably cooked, of cold coffee for breakfast, over-done roast beef for dinner, and preserved fruits of apocryphal appearance for supper, is repeated by each successive traveller with a very railroad monotony.

One of these, in speaking of his table at one of the best hotels in the country, says,

“Breakfast would have been no breakfast unless the principal dish were a deformed beefsteak with a great flat bone in the centre, swimming in hot butter and sprinkled with the very blackest of all possible pepper.”

Even these amateur cooks, however, admit that we have plenty of food, such as it is. Indeed one of their complaints is that the tables are too profusely spread. Loads of poultry, huge sirloins, and mighty barrels of hot stewed oysters, in which a half-grown duke of CLARENCE might be smothered easily, are grievous evils to Mr. DICKENS; and Capt. HALL, hardy sailor as he is, was so shocked at the plenty and variety of our breakfasts, that he moaned piteously for his solitary piece of toast and single dish of tea.

One thing is certain, that we have no system of imposts and taxes by which nine-tenths of the people are robbed of the honest earnings of their labor, and debarred a sufficiency of nutritious diet, in order that the other tenth may riot on the profusion which nature provides alike for all. Yet such is the effect of the British corn laws, those patents of oppression, by which the landed aristocracy are enabled to preserve the artificial value of real property, at the price of semi-starvation to the immense majority of the working classes.

But, if we eat badly, we are said to talk worse. Now, it would not be strange if, among a people scattered over a surface large enough for a dozen European kingdoms, there should be some difference in the minor details of language. And it is true that a northerner has sometimes a tone of voice and turn of expression contrasting with those of his southern fellow-citizen. But, how slight is the real difference. How near are both to what is admitted to be a correct standard. The English philological critic invents for *each* provincialisms to which they are alike strangers, and putting the coined language of his own false wit into the mouths of his subjects, he, in fact, rebukes his own want of taste in his attempts to “shew off the Yankees.” Let any one examine the catalogue of pretended American phrases scattered through this library of slander and he will begin to doubt his own identity; for to most of the language alleged to be peculiarly his own he will find himself an utter stranger. (a)

The real difficulty in the way of honest judgment on the part of our foreign visitors, is to be found in the fact that ENGLAND is totally without any approach to unity of language. We speak not of the Welsh, the Irish, or the Scotch—these are different languages—but of the English proper. The pure and beautiful English of the North is utterly incomprehensible to him who speaks the equally pure and

(a) Mr. Noah Webster who, perhaps, has bestowed more attention on the subject than any other writer, asserts that there are not fifty words used in America which are not used in England, and that, with very few exceptions, all these apparent novelties are merely old English words brought over by the early settlers.



beautiful English of the West. Many volumes have been published on the score of languages, called English, spoken in various parts of the country. The extremest difference between a down east Yankee and an original Kentuckian, is a wide remove from that which is found to exist between many of the English counties. The chaste and nervous dialects of YORKSHIRE, NORTHUMBERLAND, CUMBERLAND, WEST-MORELAND, and LANCASHIRE, are not distinguished for their similarity to each other, or their elegance singly.

A friend, who recently returned from LONDON, informs us that he was once in the Court of Exchequer during the trial of a cause. It was a case of more than ordinary interest and importance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer presided, and Lord BROUGHAM and Mr. DANIEL WEBSTER were on the bench, under the courtesy extended to distinguished visitors. A witness from a remote county was under examination, and by his side stood an interpreter, who rendered word for word his English into such English as the judges and jury understood!

Differing thus among themselves, the English would possibly say, by way of defence, that the provinces are to be disregarded, and that in London we must seek for a correct and elegant standard of speech. But where in that great metropolis are we to find it? Among, that very small class in any country, the high bred and learned? No, for this one reason among many others, because the limits of a little, exclusive circle, are too contracted to stamp the whole community with any quality. The true Londoner—the good natured, porter-drinking, beef-eating gentleman who was born and bred within sound of Bow BELLS—can alone be considered the real popular representative of his fellow subjects. If he is right all the primers are wrong, for in them V is not pronounced W, nor W called V, and there is no such letter as WE—the highly respectable authority of Mr. SAMUEL WELLER, senior, to the contrary notwithstanding.

Not satisfied with teaching how to eat and how to talk, these kind strangers would fain instruct us in good manners. Every one will admit the importance of these polite and elegant habits by which human intercourse is rendered more agreeable, and humanity itself is softened. But it may be questioned whether, although CHESTERFIELD was an Englishman, all Englishmen are CHESTERFIELDS; whether the master is any better taught than the pupil, and whether we should be the gainers by an infusion of English manners into American social conduct. The French have an enviable reputation as models of politeness; but who ever heard of the peculiar courtesy, refinement or delicacy of Englishmen? That indescribable yet well ascertained class called *gentlemen* are the same the world over—no country is entirely without them. Doubtless many are to be found in ENGLAND, possessed of that true social charity termed politeness. But the people, the great mass of the nation, are they not, on the other hand, notorious for a sort of rude and boisterous bluntness which is boasted of, by JOHN BULL, as the evidence of true English independence—an independence of nothing but the feelings and tastes of others—an independence whose real name is coarse, vulgar brutality.

In any society the best test of enlightened civilization is to be found

in the treatment of females. The savage ranks woman next above beasts of burthen—enlighten him, and he places her only below the angels. Taking this test, we may willingly abide the almost unanimous consequential judgments of our detractors. Miss MARTINEAU was quite angry with American ladies because they exacted attentions to which she, in common with her countrywomen, were strangers ; and Capt. HALL testifies, that,

“ It is a universal rule never to think how the men shall fare until every female has been fully accommodated.”

Mr. DE ROOS says,

“ In American society there is far less formality and restraint than is found in that of EUROPE ; but I must observe (he adds) that notwithstanding the freedom of intercourse which is allowed, the strictest propriety prevails both in conversation and demeanour.”

But all *argument* on the subject of manners is necessarily idle, since it must rest on assertion, and a character for refinement is not to be established by clamorous pretensions to it. So far as the *facts* stated by most English writers go, they seem to indicate the general diffusion of a spirit of gentleness, of kindness, and of a wish to oblige. In all the various modes of public conveyance they are struck with the absence of any stiff, brutal selfishness, and with the anxiety to accommodate ladies by any little sacrifice which may contribute to their comfort. This is not a trivial circumstance, when it is so universal and remarkable as to be deemed by foreigners a national characteristic. People may be profusely hospitable from vanity or from the mere love of company ; but a quiet, cheerful waiver of personal convenience, is a very different matter. Republican simplicity, united with christian benevolence, should be the basis of American manners. We are not essentially deficient in either.

The progress of the country in letters, or rather the want of progress, forms a leading feature in British criticisms. It is a melancholy truth that men of genius are not often properly compensated for their labors either here or elsewhere ; that, on the other hand, superficial pretenders, who hastily throw together such stuff as may be read without much thought, and when read merely confirms and strengthens existing notions, are rewarded with no sparing hand. So long as American sketches and tours command the thousand guineas of the London bookseller, our friends the sketchers and tourists, certainly have no right to complain, and no need to argue. Their own books are the best evidence of the prevailing bad taste of the British public, and the daily depreciation of their literature ; and one would think that proof so tangible and agreeable would be at once admitted as conclusive.

It was well said some years since, and it is still true, that,

“ The polite literature of America has thus far been prolific beyond all precedent in other countries—beyond all expectation in our own. Within the short period of fifty years it has increased from a few straggling volumes, to the full compass of a national library. It already embraces works in every department of letters, and has attained an excellence and a celebrity, which no other people, of age and advantages similar to our own, have equalled. Here, as in every chapter of our country's history, may be read the proof of our unparalleled national growth ; and perhaps this is the only instance in which there is reason to fear that our progress is too rapid and our growth unsound.”

In a government of great executive force, or in one where the lines which divide the three organic departments of state are not nicely drawn, the judicial branch is, although always important, not always essential. It is the adjunct, sometimes the mere servant of the stronger power: but a free government is emphatically a government *of law*; of ascertained rules of action prescribed by man for the regulation of his own conduct; and therefore, to the freeman, the laws and their administration are important and interesting beyond all other subjects. The true loyalty of a republican is patriotism; the every-day patriotism of the citizen is obedience to the laws. Here the ermine is the only badge of sovereignty, but it is the sovereignty of the law; and it is yet to be crimsoned with the first blood of victims of state policy or purchased barbarity.

But we are without security, patriotism, or law, properly so called, if the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, and its dependents, tell truth.

"The state of law in America is deplorable. The judges are not independent, but are subservient to the government and creatures of the President and Senate. Their laws are bad and badly administered, because the bench is altogether in the power of the mob."

Believe these gentlemen, and the question of whether a legitimate judiciary can exist in a republican government, is put to rest by a demonstration of its impossibility.

It is impossible in the space of this essay to examine the question with the elaborate care which it deserves. But let us take up the gravest and most plausible charge which is urged against the American judges. It is, that the tenure of judicial office is so frail and uncertain that the incumbents are not, and cannot be, independent.

The Judges of all the Federal Courts are appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, they hold their offices during good behaviour, and their salaries cannot be decreased while in office. The District and Circuit Courts are under the control of Congress, but the Supreme Court is the creature of the Constitution, and having the same origin, is equal in dignity, independence, and stability, to any other organic part of the frame of government, its power is co-extensive with all exigencies, and pervades every part of the UNITED STATES and the territories belonging to them. No judge can be removed excepting on impeachment by the House of Representatives and trial before the Senate, when a majority of two-thirds is necessary for condemnation. The judges would therefore seem to be, by the Constitution, as amply secured from temptation as it is possible for human ingenuity to make them. In a free state the greatest danger is from that cause, otherwise a blessing, party politics; and the authors of the system seem to have dreaded its terrible influence on the bench. Is it going too far to say that all such apprehension is now at an end? Passing by several causes, decided by the tribunals of the different states, within the recollection of most of our readers, we may be permitted to refer, for the purpose of shewing the high independence of all party considerations that appertains to the character of a true American judge, to the case of STEWART and LAIRD, decided about forty years since by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Act of Congress passed in 1801, establishing certain Circuit



Courts, was repealed in 1802, and the commissions granted to the judges were consequently avoided. The constitutionality of the act of 1802 was the important question, and it was decided in the affirmative. In the language of the late Mr. RAWLE—

“The Supreme Court which affirmed a decision by which the validity of the repealing act was established, was, at that time, composed entirely of men politically adverse to that which, by a sudden revolution, had become the prominent party in the legislation. Yet the decision was unanimously given, one of the judges only being absent on account of ill health. And such are the true nature and spirit of a judicial institution that there can be no doubt that the same principle, the same entire repudiation of party spirit, would govern men of all political impressions, when required to act, on similar occasions, by the constitution and their country. Party spirit can seldom contaminate judicial functions so long as the people are true to themselves, and no system can guard against political any more than against individual suicide.”

It is true that under the new constitutions of some of the states the former tenure is changed for a term of years varying from five to fifteen in duration. This would be condemned by British lawyers and laymen. They may not be right, but it is possible they are not altogether wrong.<sup>(a)</sup> If, however, our judicial tenure is feeble, that of ENGLAND is frail; so frail that a puff of mortal breath may at any moment destroy it.

The common law judges may be removed by the address of a bare majority of Parliament without any form of trial, or even an allegation of their having committed any offence. Sir EDWARD COKE lays it down that, notwithstanding the theoretic omnipotence of Parliament, a law utterly repugnant to reason or justice is invalid. Suppose just such a law should be passed by the majority of a single vote, and the judges should refuse, with COKE in their hands, to execute it; that same vote of a single individual may the next day dismiss all the judges whose decision is not acceptable. So that the “one man power” may by the same act subvert the liberty of the subject and the freedom of the judiciary. Such is not the case in any part of the UNITED STATES. The judges of the national courts cannot be reached by address at all. They may defy the President and both houses of Congress, and grasping the pillars of the Constitution, they may stand, if need be, between the rights of the people and the tyranny of legislative majority and Executive usurpation. In the states where the English provision has been copied it has been rendered comparatively harmless, by requiring the concurrence of two-thirds of each branch of the legislature to effect the removal.

In ENGLAND the most important judicial officers are often members of the House of Lords; the Chancellor always. Here no man can thus combine the different and somewhat discordant functions of legislator and judge.<sup>(b)</sup> Suppose that Lord MANSFIELD had, by his casting vote, been the means of enacting a law abolishing all the securities

(a) It would seem to have been intended as an experiment; and although no instance of corruption has shewn its failure, for this perhaps the community is indebted rather to the integrity of the officers than the merits of a system which most persons admit to be of doubtful policy, and many strongly condemn.

(b) This general rule has, we regret to say, its exceptions. In the State of New York, the upper legislative branch sit as a Court of Errors. This infamous practice will doubtless be discontinued under the new constitution about to be formed.



of magna charta, he might afterwards, in the king's bench, as chief justice of all ENGLAND, declare that law valid ; on appeal to the House of Lords his casting vote might confirm his own act as a legislator and his own decision as a judge, and thus one individual might by the constitution destroy the constitution. This exercise of despotic power may go still further, for the same lord may be a member of the privy council, and then by another casting vote, he may place the seal of royal confirmation to this deed of monstrous tyranny.

But the high court of chancery is liable to practical objections of a still more serious character. Immensely important in this country, how much more so are the equity courts of ENGLAND, where the remedies are of most extended nature, and may be said, even since the institution of the vice-chancellorship, to be concentrated in a single officer. The millions on millions locked up in that court would exceed belief, and the persons and fortunes of thousands of minors, lunatics, and others, are under the entire care and control of the chancellor. Its jurisdiction is of so extended a nature that there are, perhaps, few families whose feelings or interests are not directly or indirectly affected by it. Its delays are so numerous and even necessary, and its power over immense estates is so unbounded, that bribery for procrastination is as important as easy. There is no jury to check corruption, no associate to detect it. It may imprison the body in its charge, and it may wring, with the agony of hope deferred or blighted, the hearts of helpless women and children whose interests it is appointed to guard. It sits in judgment on the affections, and can, and often does, change the natural relations of parties.

Clothed with this almost boundless power, the keeper of the king's conscience holds his high station only at the pleasure of the prime minister of the day. He made him. He can unmake him in an hour. Learned and honest as he may be, he is doomed to perpetual dependence on the will, perhaps the whim, of the adroit statesman, who has been elevated by court intrigue, to the first place at the council board. He is himself a politician, more or less actively engaged in party conflicts, and descends from his office whenever his party falls from power.

In the face of English slanders, we may exult in the consoling fact that our country knows no such judicial system ; that here the bench is firmly planted on the immoveable rock of a well-balanced constitution. The profound research and patient labor of the body of English judges must be cheerfully admitted. Their vast contributions to what may be termed the treasures of justice, have placed this people under obligations which we gladly acknowledge. It is also true that deriving moral strength from a high sense of professional honor, they have usually evinced an integrity which could hardly have been expected. It is, unfortunately, not less true that instances of corruption are sufficiently numerous to afford practical proof of the dangers inseparable from the system which is held up for our imitation. We refer not to what all minds will at once recall with a thrill of horror, the savage ferocity with which state prosecutions have been often urged from the bench, because it may be said that this is inseparable from a monarchical form of government, and would exist under like forms

4

in any judicial system. But we refer to the history of the chancellorship, marked as it occasionally is, even from the time when Sir THOMAS MORE shed his martyr blood, with the plague spots of prostituted power, or the violent evidence that firmness of principle may be the cause of dismissal.

It is painful to refer to the case of Lord BACON—a man without an intellectual equal since THOMAS of AQUIN—but a chancellor whose appointment was brought about by BUCKINGHAM, the licentious favorite of King JAMES, and one who, by bribery the most flagrant, and venality the most notorious, well earned the poet's antithesis,

"The brightest, wisest, *meanest* of mankind."

"Lord CLARENDON," says CHALMERS, "by the gravity of his deportment, struck a very unpleasing awe into a court filled with licentious persons of both sexes; certain false suggestions were in consequence got up, which, assisted by the solicitations of some female favorites of the monarch, made such impressions on his mind that he at last gave way, and became willing and even pleased to part with both the person and services of this faithful servant, and learned and honest man. The king's chancellor was removed by the king's mistresses, because he was too grave, sincere, and upright for their tastes."

In the next century we find the Earl of MACCLESFIELD disgraced for bribery and venality, on the details of which it is unnecessary to dwell. The circumstances which led to the dismissal of Lord CAMDEN are thus stated by the Earl of CHATHAM, in his speech explanatory of the pension granted to that magistrate, prior to his appointment:

"I recommended him to be chancellor; his public and private virtues were acknowledged by all; they made his situation more precarious. I could not reasonably expect from him that he should quit the chief justiceship of the common pleas, which he held for life, and put himself in the power of those who were not to be trusted, to be dismissed from the chancery, perhaps the day after his appointment. The public has not been deceived by his conduct. My suspicions have been justified. His integrity has made him once more a poor and private man; he was dismissed for the vote he gave in favor of the right of election in the subject."

What does this mean but that Lord CHATHAM fortified with money the integrity of the first judiciary officer of the kingdom, before he assumed his place; and that that officer was disgraced from his employment because he would not consent to sacrifice his conscience to the policy of a cabinet hostile to the people's rights.

But we dwell too long on this detail of misrepresentation, misapprehension, and misapplication. The personal knowledge of every man affords a ready and certain denial and corrective of much that is said of the whole, in which he constitutes a part: and it is far more important to look at the *motives* of a course so uniform in injurious error to warrant strong suspicion of an unalterable animosity.

The books of English tourists are made—like certain razors dreaded by all thin-skinned gentlemen—to *sell*; and a book to sell, must for lack of better qualities, possess these more than questionable merits, fluency of falsehood, spirited exaggeration, irony and caricature description, all so judiciously commingled and arranged as to minister to the passions and prejudices of the readers. In short, each volume

must be the miserable sacrifice of literary integrity, to the gold of the publisher, and the folly of his patrons.

---

ART. VIII.—THE CITY BELLE IN THE COUNTRY.

**G**IVE me my cheerful home again, I'll never wander more  
In search of health and rural joys or city cares deplore;  
I'll brave the dusty, heated streets, and talk of Eden-bowers,  
Content to gaze on rows of bricks instead of rosy flowers.

“

For here I'm really stupified, tormented with the blues,  
And pining daily by the pines, for want of life and news;  
There is no one to cheer my gloom, no face with kindness glows,  
And though so oft to labor bent, no bows e'er bend the beaux.

“

When neighboring girls drop in to tea, they only sit and stare,  
And note each look and word, as though you were a Polar bear:  
Good faith! if one would venture here I'd have him in a trice,  
He might effect what I have tried, in vain, and break the ice.

“

At table you might faint or die, and no one know, alas!  
For country folks don't let their eyes from off the table pass.  
At meal time beauty's queen could not of triumphs gathered tell  
The only belle these rustics prize is called the dinner bell.

“

And when at eve your candle, with your temper is put out,  
You sleep not if the insects choose to hold a midnight rout—  
Mosquitoes come with ceaseless trump and serenade your ear,  
And their existence in the world you feel as well as hear.

“

Hail! smoky city! home of peace! beloved ever more;  
I pace with joy thy well-paved streets; my pilgrimage is o'er;  
I walk, I breathe, I live, I move, am free from all my pain,  
And ne'er will seek of care a loss in country life again.

---

ART. IX.—MEN ARE WATER-VESSELS.

**M**EN are water-vessels: some  
Empty to the fountain come—  
Be that fountain school or college—  
Seeking to be filled with knowledge,  
Which some retain; but then, again,  
Some have holes within the bottom,  
And let it out again—'od rot 'em!



## ART. X.—THE ACTOR'S LIFE PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.

[The following sketches and suggestions are from the hand of a gentleman who has served the public in stations which entitle him to be listened to as something of an authority. He treats the stage as a great department of human interest; incorporated, permanently and immoveably, among the pursuits and pleasures of mankind: as an art, therefore, to be maturely considered, improved, and sustained. The writer is to make an appeal to his countrymen in his own person, at our chief Theatre, as a tragic actor, in the coming October. He will prove himself, we are assured, an ornament and help to the American stage.]

**T**HE customary experience of a *débutant*, if he follow the profession as a business for life, is, after, perhaps, one flattering reception, as a juvenile hero, to sink at once into the useful but humble, and, as he feels, degrading task of delivering messages, walking on and off the stage, in dumb show; literally, perhaps, holding up, as page, the train of some Wolsey of the hour, or,—more derogatory to personal dignity, still,—a servant perhaps of servants,—the lowest of mute drudges,—at best, a well-dressed puppet in a procession. A long, weary series of years lies between him and distinction, even if he be destined ultimately to attain it.

One thing, however, is certain; it is a state of pecuniary disability and destitution,—well if it prove not often a condition of penniless misery and pinching want, when the failure of the manager leaves him at the mercy of circumstances.

Through all such baffling impediments imagine the actor at length emerged; and, from want of prudence and self-government, he becomes in the re-action of his feelings, extravagant in his expectations, and plunges, with his eyes open, into the gulf of pecuniary embarrassment. Difficulties thus incurred distract his mind: his professional zeal cools down; and he loses the spur of ambition—perhaps the support of self-respect.

Mr. PROCTER says:—

"With regard to the extravagance of actors, as a traditional character, it is not to be wondered at; they live from hand to mouth; they plunge from want into luxury; they have no means of making money *breed*; and all professions that do not live by turning money into money, or have not a certainty of accumulating in the end by parsimony, spend it. Uncertain of the future, they make sure of the present moment. This is not unwise. Chilled with poverty, steeped in contempt, they sometimes pass into the sunshine of fortune, and are lifted to the very pinnacles of public favor, yet even there cannot calculate on the continuance of success, but are, 'like the giddy sailor on the mast, ready with every blast to topple down into the fatal bowels of the deep.' Besides, if the young enthusiast, who is smitten with the stage, and with the public as a mistress, were naturally a close hunk, he would become or remain a city clerk, instead of turning player.

"Again, with respect to the convivial indulgence, an actor, to be a good one, must have a great spirit of enjoyment in himself, strong impulses, strong passions, and a strong sense of pleasure; for it is his business to imitate the passions, and to communicate pleasure to others. A man of genius is not a machine. The neglected actor may be excused if he drinks oblivion of his disappointments; the successful one, if he quaffs the applause of the world, and enjoys the friendship of those who are the friends of the favorites of fortune, in draughts of nectar. There is no path so steep as that of fame, no labor so hard as the pursuit of excellence. The intellectual excitement inseparable from those professions which call forth all our sensibility to pleasure and pain, requires some corresponding physical excitement to support our failure, and not a little to allay the ferment of the spirits attendant on success. If there is any ten-



dency to dissipation beyond this in the profession of a player, it is owing to the state of public opinion, which paragraphs full of censure are not calculated to reform; and players are only not of so *respectable* a profession as they might be, because their fession is not *respected* as it ought to be."

But what is to become of the actor who allows himself to be borne down by the stream of circumstance, and who, from indolence or inability, aims not at distinction; or who, in the chances of the profession, has never found fair opportunity of exhibiting his powers? Stage-managers are often too indifferent to any other object than that of making a good "cast" for the evening; and having formed, with perhaps little opportunity of judging, an impression that an individual is adapted to a certain line of acting, and to that only, casts the same individual invariably for the same line of character. What, if all the while, the person happen to be so versatile in temperament that he could do, perhaps, infinitely better in an opposite character?—It is his misfortune to have created another impression regarding his talent; and for years, perhaps, he must abide the consequences.

The reference to this subject, reminds one of an instance in which, in common with many others in the profession, I stood largely indebted, at a critical moment in my early career, to the kind and generous spirit of Mr. FORREST. On the occasion of one of his visits to AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, Mr. F. was not satisfied with the manner of the individual selected for PYTHIAS to his DAMON.

I was, at the time, a member of DECAMP's company. But the rigorous *regime* of the worthy veteran would not permit one so young as myself to overstep a single grade of professional promotion. I was too raw, in his stern and perhaps correct judgment, for anything but very humble and strictly utilitarian parts. Fortunately for me, however, Mr. FORREST remembered my *début* in PHILADELPHIA, a year or two before, and having formed a favorable impression of my attempts, had imagined that, with the aid of his directions, I could perform the part now in question. Having learned that I had once played it, he expressed his wish that I should take the part then. The manager was not a little surprised at the proposal, and acceded, with reluctance, to the request.

Mr. F., in the kindest manner, aided me with directions, and the requisite equipments for the part; and the result was that my humble endeavors met with signal success. The parts assigned me from that night, forward, were of a higher stamp, and afforded a better scope to my professional zeal. On my return to PHILADELPHIA, Mr. F. continued his kind aid to my advancement, by obtaining me a permanent engagement, as a stock actor, at the Arch Street Theatre, in parts of value to one interested in the business of his profession.

Mr. DUNLAP, in his History of the Stage, makes the following record:—

"In the course of this winter, 1790-1, we find nothing further worth recording but the first appearance of *the first person of the male sex*, born in America, who adopted the stage as a profession; a youth, who, induced by habits of idleness, and the applause bestowed upon his recitations by his idle companions, abandoned the profession chosen for him, and leaving his native place, New-York, made his *début* as Young Norval, on the stage of Philadelphia. He was favorably received, and his destiny sealed. This was John Martin.

"His friends had intended him for the profession of the law, but what he thought a life of pleasure had allurements which caused their disappointment. He was of fair complexion, middle height, light figure, and played the youthful characters of many tragedies and comedies, in a style called respectable. But mere respectability in any of the fine arts is ever associated with mediocrity. Mr. Martin continued, for some years, a useful, though not a brilliant, actor. He labored hard, and died young. Such is the lot of hundreds, who see only pleasure in the profession of a player,—a profession requiring splendid talents and assiduous application; and if adopted by one who cannot attain distinction, he is doomed to labor and privations, too often ending in low dissipation, disease, neglect, and early death. Labor and privation is the lot of the player who possesses distinguished talents and public favor, but the portion of the drudges of a theatre, the pawns of the chess-board, is little short of a sealed doom to a life of poverty, and,—if not redeemed by private virtues,—of degradation."

As a security against the vicissitudes of a profession so precarious, and, as a source of independence in age, a professional fund, for the benefit of disabled actors, would be of the greatest advantage. It would contribute much to professional character, by the self-respect which aiding it would inspire in the breast of even the young actor. To the formation of such a fund, accessible in each of our large cities, and protected and cherished by incorporation, every player could afford a moderate per centage, on occasion of his benefit night; and to render its resources ample, every "starring" performer might well afford the fund a mite once or twice a year.

To render such a fund permanent, it should be invested in a body of men formed partly of actors and partly of local residents in other professions. For a certain amount, more or less regularly contributed, an actor, on any emergency, such as sickness or inability to secure an engagement, should be enabled to draw a stipulated amount, liable to be increased according to circumstances of inability to perform in his profession.

To the credit of the stage, be it said, there have been men engaged in its pursuits, who were second to none in regard to a just appreciation of, and compliance with, the established forms of religion and morals, who were acknowledged by the world as gentlemen and scholars, as good citizens and good christians, whose charities and general benevolence have gladdened the hearts of the sorrowful and needy, and won the admiration of all good men. Such have been actors! And such are actors now. Men who love their calling as an intellectual and instructive profession, who are jealous of their reputations as men and citizens, who look more in sorrow than in anger, upon those who disgrace the stage, upon which they have crept while the cloud was passing its horizon. Actors who regard their profession, will be found ready to acknowledge the abuses of the drama, and ready to join in the good work of reforming them.

It is only the necessity of keeping within reasonable limits that hinders me from entering, here, on copious illustrations of what I have just said. But I cannot pass by one of innumerable instances in point, as to the humane and generous disposition of **FORREST**.

I happened to be in company with him, in the streets of **BUFFALO**, when a young man in distress came up to him, and under plea of being an actor, intimated his condition, and expressed his earnest wish to return to his parental home. The boat in which the penniless actor

wished to leave the city, was to depart at a certain hour; and an appointment was set for another interview at that time, on board the boat. The hour came. I was again with Mr. F. at the place of meeting. The actor had not arrived; and his aspect not being much in his favor as to strict temperance, Mr. F. felt rather uncertain what course to pursue; but, having an appointment, could not remain. He deposited with the clerk, however, the amount necessary for a comfortable passage to the actor's place of destination, CLEVELAND, OHIO, with directions to apprise him of the arrangement.

Mr. F.'s kind provision for the veteran WILLIAM JONES, under whose management he commenced his western career, having assigned him a special apartment in his own house, where all his wants and wishes were particularly attended to, is well known, as well as his liberality to his early friend, LEGGETT.

Let the public countenance of a regulated theatre stamp dignity on the player's vocation, as a noble intellectual art, and we shall soon see an end of the disparagement and degradation, so often most unjustly connected, heretofore, with the personal estimation of the actor. Let the editors of our popular journals speak out their convictions, as literary men, of the value of the drama and its professional supporter; let them sound the tocsin of reform as loudly as they will in the ears both of the actor and society; but let them place the actor's pursuit on its own high ground, before the general mind; and the result, appealing to the better ambition of the player, and the sense of justice in society, will be found in that revolution so desirable to both.

One of the great evils inseparable from the mode of conducting theatrical establishments, of late years, is the intolerable addition entailed on the player's burden, of overstraining his brain and overtasking his memory in committing so many new parts.

"Professor DUGALD STEWART, who knew HENDERSON, told me," says Sir WALTER SCOTT, "that his power of memory was the most astonishing he had ever met with. In the philosopher's presence he took up a newspaper, and, after reading it once, repeated such a portion of it as to Mr. STEWART seemed utterly marvellous. When he expressed his surprise, HENDERSON modestly replied, 'if you had been obliged, like me, to depend, during many years, for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced this facility.'"

The sufferings of the young and ambitious actor, from excessive brain toil, are such as persons out of the profession cannot even imagine. The wonder is, in multitudes of instances, that the parties escape insanity as the result.

I will give here a single specimen, out of many which I might introduce, of the exigencies of stage life, in this one particular.

During a professional visit of Mr. COOPER, to COLUMBIA, S.C., some years since, I happened to be playing subordinate parts, under the training of the veteran DECAMP. Mr. COOPER had given out a certain piece, for his benefit, at the close of the engagement. But when the day preceding arrived, the member of the company who was to play a principal part, was taken severely ill; and no one would assume the part, at so short notice. Mr. C. was anxious to gratify his friends in



COLUMBIA with the treat of his acting, for the first time, in the principal character of the piece, and felt unwilling to give up the arrangement.

The part of the sick actor was, in despair, proposed to me. I acceded, on condition of being allowed to read the part if I could not commit it within the time. The stipulation was assented to; and, with the enthusiasm, or the folly of the impulse, I commenced study, after my professional duty of that evening, sat up all night, and betook myself to the retirement of the adjacent wood, all next day,—with a pin-cushion for a rosary, stinting myself to twelve repetitions, (each marked by the transfer of a pin,) for every line or sentence.

When the evening came round, I swallowed a cup of tea in season to dress, and made my appearance at due time and place, with my brain in a most intense whirl. But, nerved to the effort, it held out, till the unexpected rounds of applause which my high excitement in my part was producing, undid the iron tenseness of the memory, and I was, all in a moment, left bewildered and helpless, in the midst of one of the most affecting speeches of my part. I became so confounded, that no prompting could rally me. Feeling my predicament, I stepped forward, explained my condition, and threw myself on the candor of the audience, expressing my willingness to read, if it were desired. Having very readily obtained liberty to take the book, I did so; but, after reading half a dozen lines, felt my recollection firm, flung aside the volume, and got through without hesitation.

Half an hour's study of physiology would have been enough to show me that I was then, through ignorance and misguided enthusiasm, tampering with that organ which is the seat of a possession more valuable than life itself.

But an evil of the actor's life—an evil still more fatal to tone of mind and health, is the excessive emotion which the earnest preparation of a part necessarily excites in the susceptible temperament which usually falls to the lot of players, in common with all others who follow professions involving intense excitement of feeling and imagination.

The following passage affords a striking instance in point:—

"Mrs. Siddons," says Campbell, "had played Lady Macbeth in the provincial theatres many years before she attempted the character in London. Adverting to the first time this part was allotted to her, she says, 'It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth.

"As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination.

"But, to proceed,—I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I never can forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me.

"At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep, I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out;



and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task ; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it, at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life."

There is no doubt much difference, as regards susceptibility, between one individual and another ; and perhaps none but a practised player can tell how far he may be at once in the spirit of his part, and yet conscious of surrounding circumstances, or even at liberty to heighten effect by premeditated and mechanical expedients. But genuine acting, it may be seen from the preceding passage, is not that slight, superficial, mimetic, or assumed affair which it is sometimes thought to be. It is, to the imagination, a deep reality, even when reason holds the balance, between judgment and feeling, and is not, as in the above instance, frightened, for the time, from her propriety.

The exhausting nature of the mental process preparatory to playing is one of the unavoidable evils of the actor's life. It sets before us, in impressive colors, the unreasonableness and the impropriety of performers who permit themselves to become bound to play exciting parts for successive nights, and the ruinous tendency of the modern custom of playing every night in the week, or of bringing on all the effective corps dramatique every evening.

The ability to sustain continued deep excitement of feeling, is quite limited, in most human beings ; and the once prevalent practice, among actors, of resorting to stimulants, to force excitation at will, was but one of the many mistakes which a better knowledge of the human constitution is now preventing, in all classes of society. But if ever there could be a case in which the deliberate use of alcohol or opium might be pardoned, as an error of judgment, not less than habit, it would be that of an actor influenced by the laudable desire to meet the demands of his authors, his audience, and himself, in an arduous part, when his powers were consciously unstrung and jaded by excessive exertion, or untuned by casual illness.

The error is a miserable,—a fatal one. It leads to gradual self-destruction. But its victims have been too often unthinkingly and inhumanly condemned.

But a still more exhausting process awaits the actor, after the successful one of preparation,—the intense excitement and anxiety inseparable from acting itself.

Speaking of her first appearance, when re-called to the London boards, Mrs. SIDDONS says :

"For a whole fortnight before this, to me, memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder, for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted Bath, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in London might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from Drury Lane, disgraced as I formerly had been.

"In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of 'Isabella.' Who can imagine my terror ? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper, but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me

more and more ; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. Mr. King, who was then manager, was loud in his applauses.

" This second rehearsal took place on the 8th of October, 1792, and, on the evening of that day, I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched, for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awaking the next morning, however, though out of restless, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me ; and, moreover the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen, and even now I am not ashamed of *this*, as it may perhaps be called, childish superstition.

" On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored, and again,

" The blessed sun shone brightly on me."

On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me ; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquilities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

" At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, *lined*, as it were, *with human intellect*, from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps, be imagined, but can never be described, and, by me, can never be forgotten.

" Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fireside, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead ; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal, neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments ; but occasionally stopped short, and laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night ; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie ?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

To some readers these vicissitudes of feeling may seem to belong to the individual's temperament, rather than to the necessary excitement of acting. But let us remember that, in all arts, the record of the experience of those who have excelled, is that on which we place a value. The constitutional calmness which brings the performer on and off without excitement, is seldom accompanied by any high excellence in playing.

Acting, more than any other form of expressive art, is a test of the capabilities of the individual. It calls for the utmost stretch of all his powers to fill the idea executed by the poet. There is no limit set to the extent and efficacy of living expression, but that of the performer's ability to compass his author's thought, and to throw it out with the fresh stamp of life and power. The very commotion and agitation, therefore, with which the player approaches his task, are but the quivering evidences of the vital power with which the poet, and his own co-operative imagination, inspire and surcharge his whole being.

---

## ART. XI.—TOM TALBOT. X

**T**OM TALBOT was my very dear and most particular friend. We had been schoolmates at the same school—fellow-conspirators in every plot of mischief—and if Tom received a proof of the school-master's tender regard, in the shape of a flogging, I was sure to be—as the razor-strop man would say—"the next customer." We shared our marbles and molasses candy; and were sworn brothers.

But school days will not last. A good thing it is that they will not, for between you and I, those are the worst days of one's life. Talk of the delights of childhood! Fiddlestick's end! It answers very well for a thesis, but it is a vile, detestable lie. The days of childhood come to my memory often enough; and their recollection is replete with floggings, with and without cause—oftener the latter—and crying fits, and being "kept in," as they call it, after school hours. The torments are trifling to grown people, who are used to severe buffets—but to children, who have not the capacity to bear much, they are the torments of the damned. I know that my teacher was a cruel fellow—no matter, he is dead now, and gone to—glory, I suppose; and used to wear out a great many canes on my soft—Thankee, Madam! You put your hand on my mouth just in time. He used to teach school at the corner of Juniper and Race streets, in the city of PHILADELPHIA, in a little whitewashed wooden school-house. It is torn down now; and they have erected a large brick store in its stead. A fine brick store it is; and they sell "liquid fire and distilled damnation" there—more's the pity.

I lost sight of TOM TALBOT, after we left school, and for many years I did not hear of him. The fact is—snuff that candle if you please—the fact is I forgot him. But we met about two years since in an omnibus. I did not remember his features; but he did mine. He made himself known, and asked me to dine with him.

I did.

After dinner, we smoked; and after we had smoked, TOM ordered out his wagon—he had grown rich since a boy—and we took a drive. We drove out and round about for an hour or two; and then went to FAIRMOUNT. There we hauled up, gave the reins in charge of a gaping varlet—a boy with red hair and a pair of his father's trousers razed at the legs, and held up by a piece of twine over the left shoulder—entered on one of the walks, and sauntered on toward the wheel houses.

We stopped at the little basin, where stands a wooden lady, all in white, rather the worse for age—with a swan on her shoulder. The swan was throwing a great stream of water out of his mouth, which fell—the water—all over the lady, who took it coolly. She was used to it, like the Irishwoman's eels to their skinning. We looked at the wooden lady for a while. There was a light footstep behind us. We turned. There was another lady in white passing us. We could not see her face; but oh! what a form! The most perfect—sylph-like—ærial—graceful—ravishing in its pleasant proportions. Such an elastic step! And the white-gloved hand! Those taper fingers were



made for the world to kiss in homage. What a magnificent pair of shoulders. Such a neatly-made dress! What a nice bonnet! She looked, dressed, walked—perfection. But, then, we could not see her face.

We followed—it *was* bad, I know; but how could we help it? We followed. Every step she took raised our admiration. I felt my heart going out at my finger-ends, and lighting on the lips of the dear creature before us. I looked at TOM. His eyes glistened.

I saw a smart-looking lad, near us. I beckoned him aside; and asked him if he would like to earn a dollar. "Yes," was the answer. "Call at my office to-morrow, and let me know where that young lady goes, and I'll make it five, if I find you act faithfully." I named my residence—he started. I turned; and saw that another boy had just left TOM, and had started on in the track of my messenger. Oh, ho! H'm! Ah!

TOM and I strolled back—rewarded our horse-keeper with a shilling—and away we drove, like mad. Neither of us spoke a word, all the way home. He dropped me at my house, saying—"Five dollars to one, against you!" "Done!" said I.

The next day my messenger came. The lady had gone to a Mr. RYDER's in Walnut street, near——but that's none of your business. I gave him a dollar to begin on; and told him if anything came of his information, he should have the other four. To put on my hat was the work of an instant. Out I went, called a cab, and bade the driver drive like the son of ZIMRI down to HARRY LANDOR's. HARRY knew everybody's business better than his own—in fact, he had no business. He was a briefless lawyer. His account was quite satisfactory. The RYDER's were not Mist'ers at all—they were two enormously rich old maids, who had one niece, their destined heiress, the daughter of a deceased brother. He offered to introduce me that night. *That* was all right.

I spent three hours, thirty-three minutes, and some seconds before my glass. I brushed my hair—tried three shirts—I beg pardon, Madam, for the word—a dozen cravats—and finally, after great care, adjusted my dress to my satisfaction. I adjusted my coat, gave my whiskers the finishing point of attraction—and off I sat to join HARRY.

We were not long in reaching the RYDER's—I tell you. Please to snuff that candle. I was formally introduced to the two old ladies—and while HARRY talked with the youngest—she was sixty if a day—I took the eldest in charge. But who do you think sat in the corner, playing with a tabby cat. TOM TALBOT! It's true!

We talked about NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, JOHN SMITH, JOE SMITH, and the Cham of TARTARY. We discoursed on transcendentalism, Fourierism, Unitarianism, geology, mineralogy, theology, transubstantiation, toleration, ethics, politics, and every other ism, ology, ation and ics, which I had ever heard of, and a good many, I sincerely hope I may never hear of again. I expatiated on the great benefits of the new society for sending bibles and warming-pans to the Hottentots; and waxed eloquent on the pious unction with which the very reverend and able Dr. TRNG talked piety and so on, every SUNDAY at the Epiphany church. I agreed, with everything, except one thing. I



do not remember what I disputed ; but I suffered the old lady to convince me, which was a great trick of war.

In the midst of my glory I heard HARRY say " — your fair niece ?"

" Yes !" answered the younger of the skinny sisters—" she left town yesterday—but she will be home in a few days."

" Oh, SATAN !" muttered I, " and have I been talking in this style, for nothing."

Softly—I heard a footstep—a light form brushed by me. I looked—Tom dropped the cat, who spat at him, and ran. There was our sylph of yesterday, standing near the window, arranging some flowers on a pier-table. Tom stretched himself forward. I threw myself in an interesting position, pulled up my shirt-collar, and run my fingers through my hair.

" Never mind those, Lucy,"—said the younger Miss RYDER—" you had better take that book to my room, however."

A brief interval elapsed, before she turned ; but long enough for me to imagine her face. I knew what it would be like—a sweet, delicate look—all innocence, and hope and joy. A seemingly low forehead—the tresses—curling with very archness—and neatly parted—the delicate nose—and the perfect chin—and the maddening lips. I pictured it out, better than even M'DOUGALL could effect it in ivory—and all in ten seconds.

She turned.

Yes ! there was quite a perfect chin—a forehead, low enough—very curly hair—such lips, and not a bad nose—but the complexion—that was as black as the ace of spades.

" Sir !" said the two Miss RYDERS, in a breath, " what do you mean by using such profane language in this house ?"

Well—what do you say ? Read that ! Of course, I will. " Died, on the 15th of MARCH last, Miss ALICIA RYDER, aged sixty-four ; and on the same day, Miss KEZIAH RYDER, aged sixty-one."

Poor old ladies ! Well, I am very sorry, indeed. T'other paper ! Where ? Oh ! among the marriages.

" Married, on the evening of the 1st, by his Honor the Mayor, THOMAS TALBOT, Esq., to Miss MARY RYDER."

That confounded TOM TALBOT !

---

ART. XII.—ALAS ! X

**T**O work like a Turk—what a life is an editor's !  
 News-clipping, ink-dipping,  
 Pasting and wasting,  
 No rest ever tasting,  
 And pestered to death with his creditors.

Go toil on the soil, or dig cellars like DAN NICHOLS ;  
 Plough a field, trowel wield,  
 Worry and flurry,  
 And live in a hurry,  
 But wear not an editor's manacles.

## ART. XIII.—THE LADY MARY.

HER waist so small I may not clasp,  
 Her lips so red I may not press ;  
 Her hand so white I may not grasp ;  
 Nor rob her of a single tress.  
 Her head will rest upon his breast,  
 And mine within the grave will lie ;  
 I could not hope to win the love  
 Of her whose fortune stands so high.

“

Yet while my heart shall beat with life—  
 Yea ! 'til my heart with life shall part,  
 Although she be another's wife,  
 I'll store her beauty in my heart.  
 The hind upon the morning sun  
 Will gaze, and all its glories bless ;  
 He may not hope to grasp its beams,  
 But loves their living light no less.

## ART. XIV.—THE DANCE ON NOTHING. X

THEY may rave of the Polka dance,  
 May prate of mazourka and waltz ;  
 But their practice can never advance,  
 And the dancer who copies them halts.  
 For their figures are new, it is true,  
 But those which I love to see,  
 Are performed by a man at the end  
 Of a rope on the gallows tree.

“

The felon he opens the ball—  
 And the clergyman leads him out—  
 When the eyes of the crowd on the dancer fall,  
 With delight at his skill they shout.  
 His performance he never repeats,  
 But once the same dance you may see,  
 So, if you'd have choice of the seats,  
 Go soon to the gallows tree.

“

Let those who amusement would check,  
 Learn this which our song reveals—  
 There is far more fun by a dance from the neck,  
 Than lies in a dance of the heels.  
 To be sure, though this fun may be rare,  
 To the felon 'tis death—but he,  
 When 'tis over, will not a whit care,  
 But hang calm on the gallows tree.

## ART. XV.—LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

## LEAF I.

DELAWARE BAY PILOTS—A SHARK AND WHALE—THE WHALE, THE  
REAL MONARCH OF THE SEAS—HIS CHARACTER—DESCRIPTION  
OF HIS DOMINIONS—SHIP IN A STORM.

AUGUST 22, 18—.—Left PHILADELPHIA in the ship —, commanded by Captain —. We were towed by the steamboat to the Capes, where we arrived about midnight. The pilot informed me, that, as the Delaware Bay was one of the most difficult of navigation in the UNITED STATES, an apprenticeship of seven years was required of young pilots. Off the Capes, the tow-boat took the pilot on board, and left us; and it blew hard through the remainder of the night.

AUGUST 23.—No living being in sight, out of the ship, except a flock of mother CAREY's chickens and a vagabond-looking shark which came flapping his fin about the vessel. There was something treacherous and cunning about the rascal that condemned him in our good opinion, even if his real character had been unknown. We shortly after had a visit from a *school* of dolphin, who played about us like a parcel of children just let out of *school*. Soon after the head master, a large whale, made his appearance, who came snuffing about us as if to question our right to trespass on his domain. He is the real monarch of the deep, (the sea serpent and spotted monster of the Indian ocean notwithstanding,) and the sovereignty of the seas belong to him, whatever GROTIUS, SELDEN, or BYNKERSHOEK may say to the contrary. For while they only claim for man the empire of the surface, the king of fishes reigns over realms far below, in the mighty deep, where the power of man can never penetrate. There, amidst his thousand palaces and submarine groves and lawns and hills, he exercises his sway, undisturbed by the puny interference of man. There he enjoys life, where men could only encounter death. There his subjects tremble at the approach of their august master. There he hunts and wars, and woos his gentle mistress.

The whale possesses many truly royal qualities. Cruelty and cunning are strangers to his disposition, and though hundreds of living creatures perish at every mouthful of his repast, yet he only destroys what is necessary for his subsistence. He is unsuspecting, and turns away from injury; and though, when goaded by the multitude of his wrongs, he sometimes visits terrible vengeance on his enemies, yet never without being fully justified by the strictest construction of the laws of morality and war. What a contrast with the character of that cruel, rapacious, and unprincipled subject of his—the shark! This rebellious creature dares sometimes even to open his horrid jaws against his lawful prince; and though a single touch of the latter's august tail is sufficient to quell the most daring rebellion, yet it seems to be a pain to this most humane of kings to chastise any of his subjects, however dangerous to the state, in their character and practices. Another trait in his character, which he has in common with most other

monarchs, he is the laziest inhabitant of his realm, if we except, perhaps, the oyster and one or two other insignificant creatures,—so much so indeed, that the harpoons of his enemies are scarcely sufficient to rouse him from the stupid lethargy in which his senses are drowned, in consequence of the vast quantity of oil in which they are enveloped. For he is like most other princes, also the fattest creature among his subjects. But I will return to the monarch of the deep the next time he visits us, for he is certainly the most interesting and important personage in his realm; and, as we are ploughing up his ground without his leave, we must at least give a full and fair account of their owner. It is doubtful, however, whether he will visit us soon again; for, though common politeness would require him to pay some attention to strangers during their stay in his dominions, yet his insuperable indolence often prevents him.

Next, as to the face of the country of the realm. There is great uniformity in it. Ordinarily, in the regions towards the equator, it is perfectly level and smooth, and of a deep blue color, very similar to fresh water in which indigo has been dissolved. A celebrated poet calls it correctly enough, "the deep, blue sea." Towards the north, however, and occasionally in southern latitudes, the face of the country is far from being so smooth, level, and placid, as we have described it. For when, by the friction and irritation of the wind, it is put into motion, it assumes a rough and ungainly appearance. And should the raging tempest lash it into fury, as it often does, it loses much of the blue color, and, becoming, as it were, pale with rage, it foams and roars, and gives vent to its impetuous passions in the most terrible distortions of feature. Then, wo betide the luckless barque which may be caught unsuspectingly sleeping, or recklessly expanding her utmost wings to hasten, if possible, her tedious flight. One moment is enough to dash her from the face of the sea, and hurry her forever beneath the depths of this angry element. Should, however, the watchful seaman discover at a distance the coming tempest, he quickly furls his sails and contracts the breadth of his canvass in proportion to the violence of the storm,—the vessel resounds with the quick and despotic commands of its master, and the noble barque which, but a moment before—

"Like a beautiful bird in the fullness of feather,"

had "boldly unfurled all her sails to the wind," now cowers and shrinks before the excited wind and sea. The lofty royals and proud top-gallants are no more. Stript of her plumage, she patiently waits the approach of the gale,—which soon gives an oblique inclination to her masts, who bow gracefully and submissively to the power which they acknowledge. Presently the waves begin to roll, and soon their white crests break unceremoniously over her decks, which now are no longer level. Still she holds on her course, and rapidly scuds over the increasing billows, until she too—becoming, as it were, excited by the scene around her—boldly rises towards the skies, and leaping from the backs of the mountain waves, dashes on her headlong course, with fury only less than that of the tempest. In vain do opposing seas attempt to arrest her progress. They may raise their threatening crests before her, they may sweep her decks and lash her sides. It matters



not. She too is roused, and puts forth energies which neither the raging ocean, nor the hurricane can quail. The contest may be long and obstinate; but the well-built, well-fitted, and well-manned ship is sure to come off triumphant. Sometimes, indeed, the rapid lightning achieves a conquest which the sea and winds could not effect; and the murderous bolt dissipates the hope of the brave men whose labors else would have saved the ship. Their exertions, struggles and fears are quickly at rest, far beneath the tempest which rages above; and the bold mariner now lies quiet in some deep valley of the ocean, undisturbed by the tumults on the surface. A beautiful and a fitting grave for one whose path, when alive, was "on the mountain wave," and whose "home was on the deep."

---

LEAF II.

THE GULF STREAM—GULF WEED—CAUSE OF THE GREATER PREVALENCE OF WIND AT SEA THAN ASHORE—SEA AIR—CALM BY MOONLIGHT—BANQUET OF THE MEMORY—SUDDEN SQUALL.

AUGUST 27.—We have been east of the Gulf stream for two days; but we must recross it before we reach NEW ORLEANS. The Gulf Stream is very disagreeable—rolling, tossing, irregular and rough, with pretty high seas. The Gulf vomits up a kind of weed, called a Gulf weed, which is not confined to the stream, but is scattered over one thousand miles of the ocean, floating on the surface, in regular equidistant layers or lines. You may see these lines extending along the sea for miles. They are generally parallel to each other, at about twenty or thirty yards distance. Whether this weed grows on the surface of the water, as some say, or on rocks at the bottom of the ocean, where it may be torn up by the strength of the Gulf Stream, or in what other way it makes its appearance, it is difficult to say. The imagination of a poet, perhaps, would suggest that these layers were laid by the genius of the deep in order more easily to measure the ocean's extent, counting by the number of lines of Gulf weed. The better opinion seems to be that it grows on the surface of the sea, and possesses something of the nature of the polypus in growing perfect, though torn by the winds and waves into small particles. The regular swell of the ocean, too, no doubt lays it in layers. Had this weed been known to the ancient poets, when Neptune ruled the deep, it would have given rise to many a pretty fable connected with the tritons, naiads, &c., but, in these unpoetical days, seamen are the only beings whose home is on the deep.

There is a more important fact relative to the ocean, for which it is not easy to account, viz., why winds are more prevalent, stronger, and more universal at sea than at land. I think there cannot be a doubt but this is the case, intended "by HIM who all commands," to subserve the benefit of man. This of course is the primary cause. But where is the secondary causes by which Providence always effects its purposes? Is it brought about by a greater capacity for ramifications

in the air at sea, unsheltered by trees or hills? Is it owing to the greater evaporation at sea than by land? Or merely to the air meeting with less obstruction, and the wind having more scope? Or to a combination of all these and other causes?

My observation, during three voyages across the Atlantic, and during the present trip to NEW ORLEANS, convinces me that calms are less frequent, and, in general, of shorter continuance at sea than by land.

I should like to see an ample treatise on the exclusive subject of the Ocean and Sea. Its tides, its changes, the laws of its nature, and every thing connected with it. MALTE BRUN, in the 1st vol. of his Geography, gives, I think, an outline of a work of this kind, very meagre and brief, of course.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29.—Calm all day yesterday, (Sunday, it being at any rate a day of rest,) and a dead calm to-day. A ship, a barque, and brig in sight, all as lazy as our own poor vessel. Not so last night about three o'clock. The ocean had been smooth and as harmless in appearance as an infant, and I was looking out of the open stern window from my berth, the head of which is on a line with it, so that in case of the vessel lurching suddenly stern-ward, there is a possibility of my popping head-foremost into the ocean. This window I keep constantly open, so that the sea air passes me all night; yet it has never given me the slightest cold, which the Philadelphia air under similar circumstances would be very likely to do. But the sea air in these latitudes (about 27 degrees N.) seems to be agreeably cool without being cold. We have been east of the Gulf Stream for some days.

But to return to the calm. The helm kept screeching at my head all night, as if impatient of the lazy swing upon the southern swell, and eager to get some more active employment than merely keeping her head *towards* her course. The helmsman may have been asleep; not a sound was heard through the ship or on the ocean. Two vessels might have been seen in the moonlight lounging, like ourselves, on their soft and slowly swelling beds. The silent moon was in the sky, and the stars looked at themselves in the mirror of the deep, whilst a broad, pellucid path stretched towards the queen of night, over the ocean on which she also exercises a potent sway. A poet would have imagined this golden highway to have been the path, on which the empress of tides despatches her fairy emissaries to carry to the distant seas her wishes and commands. It was an hour for contemplation, and thoughts whose delightful solemnity are felt, but cannot be described. The recollection of friends whom years and distance and the turmoil of a city had driven from my memory, become now as vivid as if I had seen them but yesterday. My imagination conjures up before me, with equal freshness, all with whom I have lived in terms of friendship, all whom I have loved, all whom I have known through life. Time and distance seemed to have now lost their wonted power, and those who now pursue the perishing bubbles of life in the new world, and they who loiter over its beaten track in the old, those whom I had not seen for years, (the companions of my boyhood,) and

they from whom I had but parted a few days ago, passed in indiscriminate procession before me. My own native land, ever dear and ever loved, furnished many a visitor at this feast of the memory. There they were with their warm and generous and devoted hearts; and many a youthful adventure, of many a joyful but distant scene, did our spirits commune. The blue mountains of INNISHOWEN, the green fields with their regular and beautiful hawthorn fences, which ran down from gently sloping hills to the margin of Lough SULLY. The Lough itself, filled with spring tide, whose blue waves were the witnesses of many a gambol in years that are past, were there. The steep side of the island of INCH, washed by the waters of the Lough, were in the background, whilst in the foreground was the graceful and beautiful hill of BURT, with its castellated crown,—and the heights of DRUMBOY. Above all \*\*\*\*\* my birthplace, and the theatre of my first and warmest attachments. What thoughts crowd on me at the recollection of that place! Great God! what in this world can compensate for the loss of home and country, and the severing of every dear and sacred tie? But enough of this.

ENGLAND! you too contributed your guests at the feast of the memory. Those were there, also, who now sojourn among the ruins of ROME—ex-empress of the world and still empress of history,—or from the Bay of NAPLES, look up to the smoke and fire of VESUVIUS, or listen to the strains of a soft Italian lute rising from a Venetian gondola, whilst this moon sheds her beams on the smooth waters. You, too, “la belle FRANCE,” furnish me with more than one welcome guest! My fancy summons others who are journeying, like myself, on distant oceans—and mingled with them are the friends whom I left but a few days ago.

But who are they, who come floating before my fancy, bright, joyous, and radiant with hope? Does not the tomb cover them? Surely *they* repose in their silent graves:—oh, shades of — and —, I give you a sincere though sad welcome.

But where have I been? Yes! Yes! The sea was calm, unlike the ocean of my reflections, and the moon shone bright over the silvery waters, though the current of my thoughts was dark and turbid.

I was quickly roused from my waking dream: there was a sudden change in my position. The berth in which I lay, though a moment before perfectly level, now inclined so as to lay me partly on its side. I perceived at once that the ship had been struck by a squall that almost threw her on her beam-ends, and leaping quickly from bed, I ran on deck, where I found the captain in his night-dress, volleying his commands to the astonished sailors, who rushed wildly over the decks, imperfectly obeying his rapid orders. The mainsail had been loosed and slightly contracted, and flapped furiously when it became filled with the tempestuous gust; the flaunting studding-sails had disappeared; the main-royal had dropped from its proud eminence; the top-gallants fluttered in the gale; ropes lay in confused coils over the decks; and the yards, leaning over the ocean, kissed the foam. The vessel resembled a beautiful woman [“the lovely pale O’Connor’s child,”] who, frantic with despair, rushes with tattered garments and dishevelled hair into the storm and defies its rage. A moment ago

she was quiet and still. She sat majestically upon the glassy sea, decorated with her white sails, which tapered beautifully aloft in the moon-beams. Now, as if affrighted by the unexpected interruption of her repose, she roused all her energies and fiercely dashed over the ocean. She is spoiled of her beautiful garments, her ropes, no longer taut, flutter in the tempest or are strewn promiscuously about. Her pride is humbled and she struggles for bare existence.

Again there is as sudden a change. The gale did not last a longer time than it has taken me to describe it. The wind is gone, the sails again flap lazily against the masts, and the danger is over. The vessel, as if still panting from her recent exertions, heaves over the swell, and gradually she is again decked out in her wonted robes, and once more reposes on the still waters. The storm had stolen upon her like a mighty giant furtively hastening over the waters, hoping to gain a surreptitious victory over an unprepared foe. But we are safe.

---

ART. XVI.—ENGLAND. X

**T**HE curse of the poor on ENGLAND lies—  
Now and forever more—

The curse of the beggar who, starving, dies  
In sight of the nobleman's palace door.  
And that curse one day will work its way ;  
And with many a groan,  
The harlot of nations, in scarlet arrayed,  
Shall die on her gilded throne.

“

The curse of the past on ENGLAND weighs—  
Now and forever more—

And though daintily now, she her body arrays,  
In a robe of velvet embroidered o'er—  
Yet the day shall come when the trumpet and drum,  
And the laugh of the Gaul,  
Shall make up a funeral march to the tomb,  
While the nations rejoice at her fall.

“

The curse of the dead on ENGLAND bears—  
Now and forever more—

For the very banner her proud ship wears,  
Is dyed with her victims' gore.  
And the dead shall be heard, when the earth is stirred,  
And the phantoms so pale  
Shall flit with delight to see her last hour,  
And mock at her dying wail.

---



## ART. XVII.—CORINTHE. X

OF thee, sweet heart, CORINTHE,  
 I sit and waking dream,  
 At even tide, alone beside  
 The MOHAWK's rapid stream.  
 And though my lashes fall and hide  
 My sight from objects near,  
 Reflected to my inner eyes,  
 I see thy face, my dear.

“  
 To thee, sweet heart, CORINTHE,  
 I sing the whole day long ;  
 For either I at once must die,  
 Or vent my love in song.  
 And whatsoe'er the strain I try,  
 Though often it be sung,  
 Thy name, each letter musical,  
 Falls ever from my tongue.

“  
 With thee, sweet heart, CORINTHE,  
 My life seems all replete ;  
 Joy has no power save in the hour  
 That sees me at thy feet.  
 And love I thee in such degree,  
 That should *thy* loving tire,  
 My heart would never beat again,  
 But break, and so expire.

## ART. XVIII.—THE SALLOW TREE.

DOWN by the sallow tree,  
 Where roameth the running water,  
 My dearest, I wait for thee.  
 Down by the sallow tree, my dear,  
 Where never an eager ear may hear,  
 And never an envious eye may see ;  
 And nothing look on at the dark night's noon,  
 But the calm, cold eye of the pallid moon,  
 Which, tired with watching, closes soon.

“  
 Down by the sallow tree,  
 Where sleepeth the folded blossoms,  
 My dearest, I wait for thee.  
 Down where the waters slowly go,  
 With a voice familiar, lovingly low ;  
 And we can sit down where no one sees,  
 And be pleased by the laugh of the midnight breeze,  
 Which saunters, sleepily, through the trees.

## ART. XIX.—OUR BOOK-SHELVES.

SINCE the issue of our last number there has been much briskness in the publishing world. We proceed to speak, concisely, of the most important works which have come under our notice.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have been more busy, perhaps, than any other firm. Their "Library of Choice Reading," and "Library of American Books," have been especially successful. Hitherto, we have spoken only of "Eothen," and "The Amber Witch,"—the two first numbers of the first mentioned series.

No. 3 is "Undine," and "Sintram." The former is unquestionably one of the most remarkable works ever penned. It is indeed difficult to say whether we are chiefly to admire in it the novelty of its conception, the chastity and loftiness of its imagination, the depth of its pathos, its perfect simplicity, or the artistic ability with which all these high qualities are combined into a well-balanced whole.

"Undine" has been very singularly misunderstood. The critics have, in general, if not altogether, failed to perceive its under-current of meaning. This under-current, however, is never obtrusive, and the ordinary or obvious interest of the story is never interfered with by it. Still, it is sufficiently, and just sufficiently, perceptible to an ear properly attuned for its perception, and has all the rich effect of an accompaniment to an air.

FOUQUE (as we may easily deduce from his beautiful fable) suffered from an ill-assorted marriage: "Undine" is the voice of his suffering. By way of showing the difference between the heart unexperienced in love, and that which has received its inspiration, he imagines first a being without a soul, and afterwards endows her with one. In the former condition the being is artless, thoughtless, careless—in the secondary, she is serious, anxious, enwrapped;—yet with all its disquietudes, the secondary condition is seen to be preferable.

We presume nearly all our readers are conversant with the narrative—and we speak with that presumption. The jealousies following the marriage are but the inevitable troubles of love; but in the persecutions of the water-spirit, FOUQUE meant to hint at the difficulties springing from the interference of relatives in matters between man and wife—difficulties which he himself had experienced; and when Undine says to her husband, "Reproach me not upon the waters or we part forever," the intention is to suggest that conjugal quarrels are beyond remedy when occurring in the presence of third parties. We find the author's opinion in respect to the propriety of second marriages, fully expressed in the pathos and even passion with which he dwells on the knight's second wedding, his gradual forgetfulness of Undine, and her deep grief, in consequence, beneath the waters. There is no misunderstanding, for example, this passage:—"The fisherman had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to his mind that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death."

Not the least praiseworthy feature of "Undine" is the skillful *maneyment* of its imagination. It is not a rhapsody, as some of its

imitations have been. Everything is well-ordered, truthful, compact. As a specimen of mere story-telling, we know nothing in any language which surpasses it—and, in all particulars, it is so pre-eminently a good book, negatively, that we look in vain throughout it for a flaw. Of its positive merits, we have already said that they are great. That they are not of the greatest, is all that we must forbear to say.

"Sintram and his Companions," is comparatively unknown to American readers. The tale was suggested by Albrecht Durer's engraving, "The Knight, Death, and Satan," in conjunction with some melodies by Ole Bull. Of course, with such an origin, the story must be supposed wild and mysterious:—so it is. It is very impressive; but less so than "Undine." The genius of FOUQUE found its truest province in the purely beautiful.

No. 4 of the "Library of Choice Reading," is "Imagination and Fancy," by LEIGH HUNT. The delicate taste, fine fancy, and warm sensibility of Hunt, are now as readily admitted as a few years ago they were vociferously denied. He has a scholarship sufficient for his purposes, and a general vivacity of intellect renders him, to a certain extent, a good critic. He has, in especial, a happy facility in putting a good book in a clear light. His ordinary manner, or *routine* of criticism, is to italicise the finest passages, and rhapsodise about their beauty. We always agree with him in his selections, while we permit ourselves to be warmed by his ardor. HUNT, too, theorizes with much plausibility—for he is ingenious. By sheer instinct of the beautiful in all its modifications, he is enabled to construct critical principles, consistent with Nature and serving well as a substructure for Art. But he can never get behind these principles. He is invariably ignorant of their bases. Of their machinery he knows nothing. He is always in condition to inform us *how* a point, or *when* a point is beautiful, but should we ask him *why*, he is unable to answer the question. In a word his *forte* is fancy—his *foible* analysis. His "Imagination and Fancy" is an amusing medley of fancies and guesses that are sufficiently well put together to be mistaken for facts by a reader who is in a *very* great hurry.

No. 5 is "The Diary of Lady Willoughby." This is a smaller book than the other numbers of the series. By many persons it was believed (upon the issue of the first English edition) to be a genuine diary. It is a fiction, however, written to look like truth, on "The Amber-Witch" plan; and very truthful it is. It appears to be the work of a pious mother in the tumultuous era of the English Revolution.

No. 6 is "Table-Talk" by WILLIAM HAZLITT. This is a re-print of Galignani's two volumes—which were a selection from four volumes published in London under the author's own supervision. HAZLITT has been extensively read and thoroughly appreciated in America. "For purposes of mere amusement, he is," says The Broadway Journal, "the best commentator who ever wrote in English." As a critic he is brilliant, epigrammatic, startling, paradoxical, and suggestive, rather than accurate, luminous, or profound. He has many points in common with LEIGH HUNT, but is his superior in all except, perhaps, fancy.

His egotism is unbounded, but amusing, rather than disgusting as the egotism of ordinary men. His comments on Art are, probably, the most accurate, if not altogether the best portions of his works. His Essay on the "Ignorance of the Learned" is, at all points, excellent. The "Table-Talk," throughout, is intensely interesting.

No. 7 is "Headlong Hall and Night-Mare Abbey." A pleasantly satirical book—but one somewhat over-rated. Its humor is occasionally wire-drawn. The author has written better, because broader things.

No. 8 is "The French in Algiers." The name of Lady GORDON is on the title-page, and answers for the interest of the book, which has in it much of the novel and startling.

No. 9 is the 2d Part of "Table-Talk," by WILLIAM HAZLITT, and includes the essays which the author intended to publish in Paris, over and above Galignani's collection.

No. 10 is the "Gesta Romanorum," or rather a selection from them. Their character is well known—but we are by no means sure of their present interest.

Nos. 11 and 12 form Part First and Second of "The Crescent and The Cross," by ELIOT WARBURTON, the well-known author of the brilliant "Episodes of Eastern Travel." The present book is a rich panorama of Eastern scenery and incident, and has merit of a more solid kind in the number and variety of its biblical illustrations.

No. 13 is "The Age of Elizabeth," by WILLIAM HAZLITT—the very best work of its author.

No. 15 is "Tales from the German of Heinrich Zschokke," by PARKE GODWIN. This is an amusing collection, of which the prevalent object is the exhibition of the conventionalisms of mankind by means of the strong light of Nature. "I wished to see," says the hero of the principal tale, ("The Fool in the Nineteenth Century,") "whether one could live in the Nineteenth Century, in a European city, without embracing all its humbugs, and all the prescribed notions of honor, manners, justice, and respectability." The story next in interest is "Jack Steam," which is translated by Mrs. GODWIN, the editor's wife—daughter of W. C. Bryant.

No. 16 is "Prose and Verse," by THOMAS HOOD, and includes several of the best and most earnest of the author's compositions. Heretofore the American public have been made acquainted only with his jests and quibbles. Among the articles now published are "The Dream of Eugene Aram;" "I remember—I remember;" "Miss Killmannsegg," (especially characteristic;) "Fair Inez;" and the "Ode to Melancholy."

No. 17 is "The Characters of Shakspeare," by WILLIAM HAZLITT. With a hackneyed subject the author has here accomplished wonders. He has written the most brilliant and most suggestive, if not the most profound of all commentaries on Shakspeare. If HAZLITT's criticisms on the great dramatist have not the most of satisfactory or conclusive thought, they have at least *more thought* than any criticisms on the same topic. The subject is one, however, which has been thought to death. There is not one idea of Shakspeare's which now retains its original shape :—the more the pity, of course.



No. 18 is "The Crock of Gold," by MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER. Mr. Willis's account of the author has attracted much attention to his book. It embodies a single story of common life. At some points it rises into *power*. Its style is in general, sketchy and succinct. The moral shows the danger to which the contented poor are subjected by the sudden accession of wealth.

No. 19 is Part II. of "Prose and Verse," by THOMAS HOOD. This volume contains, among other excellent things, "The Haunted House," (Hood's best composition;) "The Elm Tree;" "The Bridge of Sighs;" and "The Song of the Shirt." All these have been exceedingly popular—the last in especial. It owes its great favor with the public to the spirit of *grotesquerie* which pervades it. "The Haunted House" was never surpassed in its way. It is one of the most thoroughly sustained works of pure imagination ever penned, and is artistically perfect at all points. "The Bridge of Sighs" is wonderfully effective, not only on account of the maniacal tone which is made to pervade the whole lament, but through the singularity—the novelty—and rushing impetuosity of the rhythm in which that tone is embodied, or of which it forms a part. Hood's sense of melody was exquisite—but not more so than his facility of adapting it to his odd purposes.

No. 14 and 20 are "The Indicator and Companion," by LEIGH HUNT. We begin to think that the estimate originally put upon LEIGH HUNT by the public, is nearer the truth than that which obtains at present. He never did a better thing than his "Feast of the Poets." He has a vast deal of mere cockneyism at heart. His "Indicator" and "Companion" include many pleasant but no very remarkable papers.

No. 21 is "The Genius and Character of Burns," by Professor WILSON. This is a subject precisely adapted to CHRISTOPHER NORTH's rhapsodical manner of comment. Here he can expatiate at pleasure, because here all his predecessors have expatiated before. There is more arrant fustian afloat about BURNS, than about any man who ever lived. The reason is to be sought in the personal and other adventitious circumstances which surrounded him—circumstances, we mean, adventitious to poetry. That BURNS had great capacity we admit—that he ever accomplished any thing great—any thing that would live a week if published, anonymously, to-day in New-York—we deny flatly—and every man of common sense denies it, if not with his lips, at least in his heart.

No. 22 and 23 are "Essays of Elia," by CHARLES LAMB. These Essays are irresistible. The English language contains nothing so *racy*—and *racy* is, perhaps, the only word in the language which is precisely characteristic of the author's manner. We must never look in LAMB for instruction in detail. In parts, he is never more than droll, saucy, quaint, pathetic;—but, as a whole, his composition generally rises into the instructive. We never read him, at least, without being made better, if not wiser. The best of the papers, in the volume before us, is "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago."

Of "The Library of American Books," No. 1 is "The Journal of an African Cruiser," re-written by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. It was probably thought that Mr. HAWTHORNE's name would give immediate

currency to this book, which is, in itself, of little interest;—but unhappily the author of "Twice-Told Tales," although a favorite with the more cultivated and imaginative, is by no means a popular writer. How the work has sold, we cannot say—but not very well, we presume.

No. 2 is "Tales," by EDGAR A. POE. Mr. P. should never have consented to so brief a selection—unless, indeed, he proposes to continue it in a series of similar volumes. To our own knowledge he has published at least seventy-five or eighty tales (of the ordinary Magazine length) and his obvious aim throughout has been variety of tone and subject. He has made a point of versatility of invention. But it is obvious that this point is entirely lost in a selection of merely twelve stories from eighty. Most of the pieces in the present volume, too, are of one kind—analytical. Of his (serious) imaginative tales a class may be said to be represented by "The House of Usher," but his numerous extravaganzas and nondescripts, (his most characteristic compositions,) are left quite unrepresented. We should have liked to see included "The Tell-Tale Heart," "The Spectacles," and "The Thousand and Second Tale of Scheherazade." The former, indeed, is but the original of "The Black Cat," wherein Mr. POE has merely re-produced himself. Nevertheless, the volume is one which will afford delight to all classes, but especially to those who possess, in a strong degree, the faculty of causation. In all respects they are unapproachable by any other writer.

No. 3 is "Letters from Italy," by J. T. HEADLEY. These were originally published in the "Tribune," and met with decided success. Mr. HEADLEY's style is very inaccurate and even slovenly, as regards mere grammar, but its tone is vivacious and highly amusing. He is direct, ardent, impulsive, and speaks too frequently without thought, but never without interest.

Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have published, since our last issue, a number of important works, independently of these Libraries. Among others

"A History of the Society of Friends," by WILLIAM R. WAGSTAFF, relates solely to the sect in Europe; a second part (it is intimated) will give an account of their doings in America. The work is written in a popular style and beautifully printed.

"Le Livre des Petits Enfants, ou Recueil de récit mis à la portée du premier âge—avec vocabulaire," is the title of a very neat and very well arranged little text-book for beginners in French.

"Examination of a Reply to Hints on the Re-organization of the Navy," is a forcible pamphlet, in answer to a forcible book.

"The Chemistry of Animal and Vegetable Physiology," by MULDER, translated by FROMBERG, with an Introduction by Prof. J. F. W. JOHNSON, and edited (with Notes and Corrections,) by SILLIMAN, need only be named. Its European estimation is well known.

"Phreno-Mnemotechny, or The Art of Memory," by FRANCIS FAUVEL-GOURAUD, is a large and handsome octavo of some 700 pages. A remarkable book, by a remarkable man.

"American Facts—Notes and Statistics relative to the Government Resources, Engagements, etc. etc., of the United States, by GEORGE

PALMER PUTNAM," is the title of one of the most really valuable books published by the firm of whose issues we are now speaking. It is a handsome volume of nearly 300 pages—the main design being to enlighten English readers in respect to this country. It is compiled with great judgment; but we object to prefacing a work of this kind with so silly a thing as *that* Review of British Poets which appeared, some time ago, in the North American Review. The plates are produced anastatically.

"The Fruit and Fruit Trees of America; or the Culture, Propagation, and Management, in the Garden and Orchard, of Fruit Trees Generally," by A. J. DOWNING, is another very important book lately issued by Messrs. W. & P. It has descriptions of all the finest varieties of fruit, native and foreign, cultivated in this country. It gives an account, for example, of no less than 490 apples. A large book embellished with many engravings.

We must not forget to speak, either, of "Travels in North America," by CHARLES LYELL, the geologist. Mr. LYELL made a tour, it is well known, through the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia, during 1841-42. This volume is the very interesting and valuable result. The author deals largely, as a matter of course, in geology, but is neglectful of no important topic.

All the works mentioned above, have been published by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam since the issue of our last number.

The firm of Harper & Brothers have also done much of late.

Their magnificent Bible has proceeded as far as No. 39. It is unquestionably the best bible ever issued in AMERICA, or perhaps elsewhere. Its type and paper cannot be surpassed, and its numerous engravings, (especially the smaller wood-cuts,) belong to a high style of art. Some of them cannot be praised too highly.

Their edition of SHAKESPEARE has proceeded as far as No. 65. Nothing superior has been seen in this country.

Their Encyclopædia of Domestic Economy has been carried as far as No. XI. Another number will complete it. It is an invaluable work of reference, and will include nearly 1000 engravings. We shall speak of it more in detail when completed.

Their Library of Select Novels has reached its sixty-first number. Among the most interesting of the late issues are *The White Slave*—*A Chance Medley of Light Matter*, by GRATTAN—*The Bennetts Abroad*—*Life in Italy*—*Wyoming*—*Veronica*—*De Rohan*—*The Gambler's Wife*—*The Smuggler*—etc. etc.

They have made, lately, few additions to their celebrated "Family Library." A "Pocket Edition of Select Novels" has been commenced, and in this series PAULDING's "Dutchman's Fireside," and "Westward Ho!" have been included. This series is neat and convenient.

Among their more important publications we call attention to *The Sanitary Condition of the Laboring Population of New York*, by Dr. JOHN H. GRISCOM—a new edition of ANTHON's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities—a new edition of the same author's Grammar of the Greek Language—a new edition of GRAY's Principles of Forensic Medicine—a new edition of ANTHON's Iliad—Plato contra



Atheos, translated by Dr. TAYLOR LEWIS—A Pilgrimage to Trèves, by a son of Dr. ANTHON—John Ronge—A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by JAMES Copland—Praise and Principle—The Duty of American Women to their Country—Essays by JOHN ABERCROMBIE and A Treatise on Domestic Economy, by Miss CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

The same publishers are proceeding with SUE's "Wandering Jew," and have commenced the re-publication of HUMBOLDT's world-renowned "Cosmos."

The Messrs. Appleton's seem to have been doing little, and that little with no remarkable success. Their most important books have been the unfortunate "Saul," by the Rev. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, and the even more unfortunate "Poems," (*par excellence*, we presume,) of WILLIAM W. LORD.

Our limits will permit us to do no more than announce, at random, some of the more noticeable works issued by other houses.

A Plain System of Elocution, or Logical and Musical Reading and Declamation, with Exercises in Prose and Verse, etc. etc. By G. VANDENHOFF, Professor of Elocution, &c. A second edition has been published by C. Shepard. A good book, with abundant defects, and a host (especially) of typographical blunders. Mr. Poe's "Raven" is shamefully mangled.

Night: a Poem in Two Parts. Anonymous, and worth nothing Alexander V. Blake.

Voices of the Night, by LONGFELLOW. Redding & Co. Boston. A neat shilling edition; and a bad move. The dignity of poetical letters should be maintained.

The Mysteries of London. Translated from the French, by H. C. DEMING. Burgess, Stringer, & Co. Well translated.

Fleetwood, or the Stain of Birth. A novel, said to be by EPES SARGENT. *Very* absurd. The same.

Eveline Neville. A novel. By a lady of the South—possibly Mrs. J. T. WORTHINGTON. Very good—full of a fine romance. The same.

The Knickerbocker Sketch Book. By the same. Selections from old Knickerbockers.

The Warwick Woods. By H. W. HERBERT. Zieber & Co. Philadelphia.

No Cross, No Crown. By WILLIAM PENN. Collins & Co.

The Waverley Novels, in 5 vols. (3,340 pp.) A *very* cheap edition. Carey & Hart.

A Phrase Book in German and English. By MORITZ ERTHEILE R. Greely & McElrath.

The Chronicles of Pineville, by the author of Major Jones' Courtship, with 12 illustrations by DARLEY. Carey & Hart. Excellent—especially the designs. DARLEY is *the* American designer.

The Prisoners of Perote. By WILLIAM PRESTON SNAPP. Burgess, Stringer & Co. Plagiarized, in great part, from BRANTZ MAYER's Mexico.

The Apocryphal New Testament, containing every thing not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Now first collected into one volume. H. G. Daggers.



Specimens of Ancient Oracular and Fighting Eolipiles, by THOMAS EWBANK. Published by the author.

Letters from New York—Second Series. By L. M. CHILD. C. S. Francis & Co. Admirable.

Life of Goderley William Von Leibnitz, By JOHN M. MACKIE. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. Boston.

The Big Bear of Arkansas, and Other Tales. Edited by W. T. PORTER. With Ten Designs by DARLEY. Some of the Tales not very good. Designs excellent.

Pictorial History of the World, by JOHN FROST. In numbers. Walker & Gillis. Philadelphia. Trash.

Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. WILLIS. Morris, Willis & Fuller. Three Parts have been issued. Excellent, of course.

An Explanatory and Phonographic Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. By WILLIAM BOLLES. Bolles & Williams. Very full and good in general, but containing many inaccuracies and absurdities. The definitions are often mere descriptions.

The Complete Evangelist. Same author. By the same.

Manual of Orthopedic Surgery. By H. J. BIGELOW. W. D. Ticknor & Co. Boston.

Richardsiana. By HENDERSON GREENE. A clever *jeu d'esprit* in the "Rejected Address" style.

The Bustle; a Philosophical and Moral Poem. Anonymous. Bela Marsh. Gross; but full of truth.

The Progress of Passion. A poem in Four Books. By the Rev. H. M. SWEETSER. C. Shepard. Very prosy.

Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III. By Lord BROUGHAM. Carey & Hart. An admirable book, most stupidly abused by the French critics.

Vital Christianity. By ROBERT TURNBULL. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln: Boston.

Vathek. Morris, Willis, & Fuller. A vastly overrated tale.

Essay on the Philosophy of Medical Science, by ELISHA BARTLETT. Lea & Blanchard.

Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine. By SAMUEL DICKINSON. With Notes by WM. TURNER. J. S. Redfield.

Satanstoe, or the Littlepage MSS. By COOPER. Burgess & Stringer. Neither much better nor much worse than The Monikins.

Trials of Margaret Lindsay. By Professor WILSON. Saxton & Kelt.

The Foresters. Same author. By the same.

The Modern British Essayists. Carey & Hart. Three large volumes.

Orthophony, or Vocal Culture, by JAMES E. MURDOCH. Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. One of the best works on Elocution.

A Chant of Life, and other Poems, by Rev. RALPH HOYT. Parts I and II. Le Roy & Hoyt. Containing some admirable poems—that, for instance, entitled "Old."

The Fortune Hunter. A novel, by Mrs. A. C. MOWATT. Very good, although by no means great. William Taylor.

Poetical Writings of Mrs. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH. J. S. Redfield

- The Lone Star, a Tale of Texas. E. Ferrett & Co.  
 The Medici Series of Italian Prose. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. The Challenge of Barletta, and The Florentine Histories. Translated by the man who wrote "The Glory and Shame of England." Paine & Burgess.  
 A new Latin Grammar, on the basis of Ross, by N. C. BROOKS. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. Phil.  
 First Lessons in Latin. Same author. By the same.  
 Festus, by BAILEY. Republished by Benj. B. Mussey, Boston. A glorious poem, with some glorious rhodomontade.  
 The True Child. Mrs. E. O. SMITH. Saxton & Kelt.

---

### OUR PIGEON-HOLES.

**OURSELVES.**—We found it necessary—pocket-ually speaking, as Willis would say—on publishing the April number of our magazine to change the time of issue of the initial numbers of each volume. There are two volumes in a year, and they would under the old arrangement, commence in March and November. For our part, we did not care a jot when a volume commenced, or when it ended; but others did. The hosts of appeals satisfied us that it was to our pecuniary advantage to let our volumes commence, as other magazines do, in January and July. Now, to effect this change, there were two ways—either to print four extra numbers—or to suspend the publication to the present month. We preferred the latter as the cheapest and easiest course—and apprized our subscribers—the only ones interested of the fact. This, and the three succeeding numbers, brings the work up to January—and with the two numbers previously published, makes up a volume, or half-year of numbers. January commences a new volume—as well as a new series, which will be much improved in appearance. We dislike to make excuses, but as we have been confined to our bed—lain on our back, under a severe attack of arthritis for five weeks or more, and have just been able to sit up and prepare the editorial remarks. Several errors have crept into the work; one of which is of some importance. In the leading article, at page 167, the MSS. after the words "less pampered brethren," had been lost, and some one kindly undertook to supply it from memory. A nice business he made of it. We have recovered the MSS. and give it as it should stand, as follows:—

The aim of party leaders, whether guided by a desire for power, or a love for principle, is the same. If the party under their guidance be defeated, they endeavor to recruit their strength for a new and more successful contest; if it be successful they strive by a series of well-directed moves to maintain the ascendancy. Unfortunately, they do not always resort to the proper means. They endeavor to lead, not follow public sentiment. They forget that they were made by the popular breath, and that their creator can at any time shuffle them off the stage of existence. There is no lack of material from which great men can be moulded. And no man, however great in intellect, bold in execution, or fertile in resources, can drive back, or long misdirect popular sentiment. The clay may be modelled, the metal moulded, or the marble chiselled into a variety of forms. Earth, air, fire and water, and the indivisible elements, of which these four are formed—are obedient to the hand of the wise man. Science has reduced space to a speck, and time to a moment—overcome strength, and moved what was in the old time the immovable. The sun-light can be made to write the lineaments of the human face—the lightning to convey words on its own speed. All things of the material world are at man's command. But one thing mocks

him. Fraud, intrigue and cunning, aided by the strong efforts of combined mind, can for a time misdirect the popular feeling and confine it to a narrow and degraded channel. But mind is essentially free. It is a Samson whose locks grow out, shear them how you will. It is a reflex of the First Cause—of the great Father of the Universe. Popular feeling is the combination of the majority of minds. Well has it been said—"vox populi, vox Dei." Well has that been amplified in the assertion that "the sober second thought of the people is never wrong." Reason, which comes from God, always asserts its dominion over rebellious impulse, which comes from man. And reason is the sober second thought; and the sober second thought is the voice of the people; and the voice of the people is the voice of God.

**EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE IN AMERICAN AFFAIRS.**—The politics of the world has assumed an attitude which is at once interesting and peculiar. We find that Great Britain and France have not alone been interfering in the affairs of Texas, after their solemn denials of the infamous intermeddling, but have now, by force of arms, prevented the independent action of an independent republic on the continent of America. The policy of our government must be in this case as it has been before. The powers of Europe have no right to move on this continent, except in their colonial possessions. It is a ground hitherto taken and maintained by our government—and will not be abandoned now, that where the foreign governments have no right to interfere they shall not make interference. We have the power to enforce this law on Great Britain, without, and on other nations with war. On Great Britain without war, because she is dependent on us for her supply of cotton, and a non-intercourse act, passed by our Congress, and rigidly maintained, would render her island the scene of bloody riots, and endanger the stability of her present form of government. With all her bluster she dare not go to war with us.

We have every reason to believe that, in this matter, and all others, the dignity and honor of the country will be maintained by the Executive part of the government. The promptness with which our south-western frontier has been protected from a threatened invasion, by the early despatch of land and sea forces, shows an energy and fearlessness, which has gained for the administration the confidence of all parties. They begin to see that men can be truly great statesmen without having had their names bandied for years before the public; and they have applauded, through every honest press in the country, of both sides in politics, that jealous care of the national interests which has prevented the loss of American blood and the stain of American honor. Texas is ours by fair and honorable means; the people, even those who opposed its acquisition, now that it is a national question, will sustain the side of their country. European governments were foiled there in their diplomatic game. Let our government assume the position that no more foreign intrigues will be suffered to exist on this continent; and the people—the whole people—will sustain it to the last, with their approbation, their gold and their blood.

**FUN.**—From a natural disposition to peace and quiet—we are afraid some one will laugh at this—we take all attacks in an easy way. We give each and every one, upon whose toes, metaphorically speaking, we have unwittingly trod, full liberty to rail without ceasing, to

"————— unpack his soul,  
And fall to cursing like a very drab."

It relieves the good, honest railers of a great deal of evil stuff, which would endanger their mental health, were it to remain pent up in the narrow compass of their minds. But they must not find fault if we reply to them, once in a while, in a sportive way. We must have our fun. We are thin—and thinner since our late illness—and your thin people swallow a joke with great avidity. They are never tired of feeding on such fare. When we are called an "unscrupulous, blood-thirsty Loco-foco," by an



editor out west,—a man who has twice narrowly escaped a conviction for murder, we must laugh. We cannot help it. When another, who lives in a continual street fight, calls us "an ill-natured whelp," we must laugh again. We cannot help that, either.

But there is a rarer dish of fun for us. There lies on our table, just now, a paper called "The Anti-Slavery Standard,"—published in New York. It contains a communication from some unknown rascal, who calls himself "The unchanged descendant of a Jersey Quaker." He devotes nearly a half column to our express annihilation, and inflicts "killing, with malice afore-thought," on us, and on the English language. He says, that our magazine is "filled with coarse abuse of the friends of the slave," and that we attack their cause, "by bitter and unjust sarcasm and vile vituperation;" he finds fault with the word "negro-philic;" and asks us if we have not known of negroes who were hunted through the Dismal Swamp—to which last interrogatory we can, of course, answer—"No," and add, that he never knew of it, himself.

But this is nothing to the last paragraph. Here we are forthwith "comprehended as vagrom man," as Dogberry would say; set down as a pauper, a pensioner and a hireling. He informs the public that the editor of this journal "is in the pay of Calhoun and his faction, speaks their minds, and fights for their advancement," and that "the love of gold has induced him to belie the pure principles of his Quaker ancestry, who gave their testimony against human bondage."

These were grave charges, were they to come from a responsible source—and if any one will be kind enough to append his name to them as voucher we will show him that we consider them of importance. As it is we shall merely institute a suit against Messrs. Calhoun and Co. for some of that "pay;" and if they plead "no debt," and ignorance of our very existence, since, for aught we know, they never saw our magazine, we will summon the anonymous correspondent of the "Anti-Slavery Standard" as a witness—unless he be hanged in the meanwhile, which is an event both possible and probable.

**DR. BAIRD**—A Dr. Baird or Bard, it is said, during the delivery of a lecture in Boston, some time since, stated that murders increased so frightfully in Tuscany, during the period in which capital punishment was abandoned, that the Tuscan government was obliged to re-establish the penalty. Such is the statement, on such authority, which we have seen passing through the newspapers, of late. If Dr. Baird or Bard did say so, he uttered a most malignant and unfounded falsehood. M. Beranger said, in his report to the French Chamber, that the absence of the punishment of death, then abolished in Tuscany for twenty-one years, had so improved the character of the people, that the prisons were nearly empty; and for a space of twenty years after the abolition, but five murders were committed. In other parts of Italy, the crime of murder, during that time, was common. The reason why the exploded penalty was re-established was not that assigned by Dr. Baird. Napoleon, when he made Tuscany a part of the French dominions, substituted the French penal code for the milder Tuscan. What Dr. Baird proposes to effect by lying, in such a shameless manner, we cannot conceive. Surely he does not expect to stay the progress of a desired reform. The inefficiency of the death-penalty, in deterring from the commission of crime, is becoming generally admitted. As, to deter from evil is the legitimate end of punishment, a more terrible one will be necessary as a substitute. We say more terrible, for no punishment is terrible unless certain; and no mode of punishment is so uncertain as that of Death. There are too many chances of escape both before and after conviction, under a bloody code of penalties. These always will exist, so long as a horror of taking human life remains prevalent. God forbid that such horror should cease to prevail. Without it we should grow to be a nation of assassins.